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R. Caton Woodville.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

BY

Richard
R. CATON WOODVILLE

ALFRED A. KNIGHT

LONDON
EVELEIGH NASH
1914

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PRELIMINARY

LIKE the old-fashioned novelist, the autobiographer is bound to begin his work by stating who his parents were, and where he was born. He has not the advantage which the modern novelist possesses of being allowed to dash straight away into a thrilling episode, which can grip the reader's attention at once, and having caught him, can hurry him along breathless from the first page to the last. Convention requires some respect for the statistics of the Registrar-General, and that must be my apology for the preliminary remarks in the present chapter.

I was born in Stanhope Gardens, Gloucester Road, on January the 7th, 1856, and so am a Londoner by birth. My father, who had the same name as myself, was an American, the son of William Woodville, a banker of Baltimore, but he was descended from John Woodville, cousin

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of Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of Edward iv. His grandfather, William Woodville, the father of William Woodville the banker, went to the United States at the end of the eighteenth century, and was nationalised an American citizen. My father was born in 1826, and was educated as a medical man. He always had great leanings towards art, and after practising as a doctor for some years, finally decided to become an artist, and went to Düsseldorf, where he studied art as a pupil of Professor Karl Sohn.

My mother's maiden name was Antoinette Schnitzler; her father was a German, and her mother a Russian. She also was a student with Professor Karl Sohn, and it was in his studio at Düsseldorf that my father and she met. They were married in 1854, and as she was a portrait painter of considerable standing both my parents were artists.

The name Caton, by which I am almost invariably addressed by my friends, came to me in this way. My grandfather, William Woodville of Baltimore, married Miss Caton, the daughter of Richard Caton of Philadelphia, U.S.A., who had married Miss Carroll, the daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollstown, Maryland. Richard Caton had four beautiful daughters, three of whom were known at the court of George iv. as the "Three American Graces." They made brilliant marriages.

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Marianne married in 1825, as his second wife, the Marquess Wellesley, the famous Governor-General of India and elder brother of the great Duke of Wellington. By her first marriage she was the widow of Robert Paterson, whose sister Elizabeth was the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia and youngest brother of the Emperor Napoleon. She died in 1853, but left no children.

The third daughter, Louisa Catharine, married in 1828 the seventh Duke of Leeds, but died in 1874 without heirs. Elizabeth married in 1836 the eighth Baron Stafford, but like her sisters she left no children when she died in 1862. The fourth daughter, Anne, was my grandmother, who married William Woodville. Richard Caton was the last surviving signatory of the American Declaration of Independence, and a silver medal recording the fact was presented to him on his eightieth birthday. He also had the distinction of being the last Governor of Maryland for the King, and one of the first Governors of that State for the Republic.

I was given my great-grandfather's name, Richard Caton, and was educated, or rather dragged up, in Russia, and afterwards in Germany, where I was sent to school. I soon began to show signs of the hereditary instinct for art, and like my father, I went to study at Düsseldorf,

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where I was the pupil of Professor von Gebhardt. The Professor was well known as a painter of sacred subjects, and I was brought up in the midst of Biblical art, but I soon turned from it to battle pictures, for I had always taken the keenest interest in military matters. I studied at Düsseldorf in 1876 and 1877, and then came to London just at the time when the Russo-Turkish War was in full swing, and when the British public was taking one of its periodic fits of interest in battle paintings and drawings.

It may be worthy of note that my work has been appreciated by foreign Governments. I was given the Grand Cross of the Red Cross of Spain for the help I gave in the compilation of the Red Cross Book which was published by the Spanish Government, and I also hold four Spanish medals, including the King's Coronation medal. By the Khedive of Egypt I was made an Officier of the Medjidieh in recognition of my work in designing the uniforms for the Egyptian Army, and some years earlier I had received from the Sultan of Turkey another class of the same Order for my black-and-white drawings of the Russo-Turkish War. My work in Montenegro during that war was also recognised by the bestowal of the Order of Danilo by King (then Prince) Nicolas. Lastly, within the past few weeks, the French President has conferred upon me the *Palmes*

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Académiques for my pictures of the battles of the Napoleonic era.

And now, having given the necessary information as to myself and my parentage, I will start on my Recollections.

CHAPTER I

MY STUDENT DAYS AT THE ACADEMY OF DÜSSELDORF

I WENT to Düsseldorf in 1876, and some of the jolliest days of my life were those spent as a student of the Royal Academy there. The Academy was in the old Castle, or "Schloss," which was once the palace of the Grand Dukes of Zülich Berg und Cleve. The equestrian statue of the last Duke, clad in armour and bearing a crown and a long Alonge perrique, adorns the market-place. Many parts of the Academy still bear witness to the former grandeur of the palace, especially the principal staircase with its painted panels and ceiling, and the bust of the last Grand Duke and his wife Jacoba of Baden, who was poisoned by her maid in a fit of jealousy. This maid was the mistress of the Grand Duke, and for her crime she was tried, sentenced to death, and beheaded in the Burgplatz in front of the Castle. Tradition says that she nightly walks the long corridors, followed by a small pet dog, and carrying her head in her

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hands. Professor Karl Sohn told me that a lady, who had been sitting to him, left his studio one day after darkness had set in, at the beginning of December, and while descending a small staircase at the foot of the long corridor in which the studio was situated, heard the rustling of a silk dress behind her. On looking back, she saw a headless figure, carrying her head in her hands, slowly descending, and clearly defined against a large window through which the moonlight was shining brightly. The lady's shrieks quickly brought the Professor and several other masters who had their studios on the same floor to the spot, where they found the lady in a dead faint.

At Düsseldorf I boarded in a private family, and paid £3, 3s. a month for my bed and breakfast. Dinner and supper I took at a students' restaurant, where for threepence halfpenny we got a rare good dinner of soup, fish, joint, and sweets, *ad lib.*, and how they did it I don't know, for most of us had healthy appetites. When I became a pupil of Professor von Gebhart I had to take a furnished studio, and for this I paid another 18s. a month. Part of the arrangement was that the Professor's pupils had to have their studios within easy reach of the master, and he passed mine every day going home to lunch and dinner. We painted in our own studios, and the Professor used to come and see how we were

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getting on about three or four times a week. Some of us found it difficult to be always at work, and then von Gebhart could make himself very unpleasant. It was considered a great honour to be accepted as a pupil by the Professor, and no more awful punishment could be imagined than for a pupil to be cast out by his master. We did not work in the Professor's studio, but once or twice a week we went round to see what he was doing, and to pick up hints from him.

Von Gebhart painted religious pictures after the manner of Holbein, and his models were Russian and Norwegian peasants dressed in the costumes of the lower middle class Germans of the end of the fifteenth century, with nothing in the slightest degree Oriental about them. His pictures were quite conventional and he attempted no realism, but he commanded big prices, one of his large pictures fetching as much as £500 or £600, which was a very respectable sum for Germany in those days.

The Academy was divided into the following classes: the Foreschule, where drawings of other artists were copied, and drawing from bust, hands and feet in plaster was taught; the Antiquesaal, where the drawing of full-length figures from the antique was taught, these drawings being mostly done on grey paper and executed with white and black chalks; and the Malclasse,

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where painting in colour from life was taught, and where the sculptors after going through the other two classes for drawing began to model from life in clay. The students of landscape and other branches of art entered special classes set aside for them. And last came the Meisterklasse, where the artist was allowed his own studio and began to paint finished pictures. A student could spend two years in each class, and if, in that time, he did not manage to pass into the next class he had to leave the Academy for good.

The students were of all nationalities—German, English, Americans, Russians, French, Italians, and Turks—and their ages ranged from sixteen to forty. This cosmopolitan gathering did not always agree, and many a free fight took place between them, when curiously enough the Russians always ranged themselves beside the English and Americans against the rest. Many serious injuries resulted from these *mêlées*, and some of the classes looked like a field dressing hospital after a battle. But if it was a question of a fight with the market people—the market being situated in front of the Academy—then all the students turned out in force, some two hundred strong, and the contest lasted sometimes for hours with varying fortune, so that it took the whole of the town's police force, then only about a dozen or so, to restore order.

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The masters had little control over us, and the only punishment they could inflict upon us as a body was to close the classes for a day or two, which meant letting us loose upon the town. They could, of course, expel us individually, either for a certain period or for good. The professors of the various classes usually visited the students between 8.30 and 9.30 a.m., and after this we were left to do as we liked. I remember Professor Andreas Müller had his studio immediately over the antique class, and when the noise of our private band and the singing and shouting became too deafening, he used suddenly to appear amongst us and exclaim in a high falsetto voice, "Gentlemen, if this noise does not cease, I will close the class. Gentlemen, you are all gutter boys!" and rush back to his studio and lock himself in, as one could never tell what might happen next. If the classes were closed as a "punishment" in the summer or spring, a great orgy of beer-drinking usually ensued, or feasts and picnics at the Gräfenberg, an immense pine forest, some four miles from the city. Düsseldorf, then a town of a little over a hundred thousand inhabitants, boasted more than a thousand artists and a garrison of about ten thousand men. There never was much love lost between the artist element and the officers of the garrison, although many of the latter belonged to the "Malcasten"

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(Paintbox), the Artists' Club, and many duels were fought, sometimes with fatal results. During my stay at the Academy I lost three of my best friends in this way, but I revenged at least one of them later.

The Artists' Club was a delightful and cosy place, and its masked ball at the opening of Carnival has never been equalled anywhere for artistic effect and design. The artists also gave, in the summer, garden festivals in the park in which their two club-houses for winter and summer were situated. The Winter House was a large hall in the baronial style, the panelled walls decorated with armour, and at the end was a stage properly fitted up, the curtain being an imitation fifteenth-century piece of painted tapestry. The theatre had attached to it a wardrobe of some ten thousand costumes, and many other necessary properties, so that theatrical performances could take place, and sometimes did take place, on the spur of the moment. These costumes could also be hired for a very trifling sum by the members, for use in their work or for the various costume balls. Of course there were also billiard and dining rooms. Below the terrace overlooking the park, at the back of the house, was a beautiful avenue of elms, at the end of which was situated a large round pond with the statue of the Venus de Milo standing on a rock in its centre. From here, following

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the windings of the little river Düssel from which the town takes its name, one came to the Summer House, with its skittle alleys and bowling greens, and a dining hall decorated in the Moorish style, though in fine weather the meals were mostly served out in the open. Twice a week a military band would play in the park, in the afternoon or evening, when the members' wives and daughters would join their husbands and parents and enjoy the music.

Preparations for the artists' Carnival ball were always set on foot a long time in advance, and an idea of some historic incident or period was usually the keynote of it, with processions and spectacular effects. The costumes were historically most correct, and as brilliant as one could wish to see, while the comic side was represented by some of the most original dresses imaginable. The summer fête was often of the most amusing and comic description. One year it took the shape of a fair, with its various booths and shows. There was a waxwork show with burlesque historical scenes, represented, of course, by real persons. There was a museum where the apple out of which Adam and Eve had bitten pieces could be seen, together with the scissors used at the naming of Noah and Abraham, and the knapsack in which Ney had carried his marshal's baton, as well as hundreds of similar relics of

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fabulous value. There was a stall at which beautiful sugared cakes and ornamental candied fruit was sold, but the interior of these delicacies consisted of wood or sawdust. At another booth you could see the largest pig in Christendom, only shown to one person at a time, which consisted of a large cheval glass, and of course everybody sent his friends to see it. The best of all was the theatre, which consisted of a finely decorated marquee, with an elaborate proscenium and a band playing an overture. When the place was full to overflowing, the curtain was rung up, and there, where the stage should have been, was another audience, the two divided by the proscenium only. Another summer fête was a Schützenfest (rifle meeting), with comic targets, burlesque music, bands, and the members in the uniform of the various rifle clubs.

The most impressive and beautiful fête of all was the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy. It started with the unveiling of the bust of the founder and a procession of the Town Council and the members of the principal clubs, in which the artists and students formed historical groups, their costumes and tableaux being absolutely superb. In the evening there was a great garden fête with what is called a Venetian night, the whole of the park being lit up by countless coloured lights. At the end of a long lawn a

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stage was erected with a broad flight of steps leading from it. Here a Greek Chorus opened the proceedings, impersonated by a celebrated actress specially engaged from Berlin. She described the work done by the Academy during the past fifty years and the many celebrated artists it had educated. Then a curtain rose behind her, and there was set one of the first of the great pictures which were the outcome of this Academy's teaching. After this, picture after picture was displayed, until some fifty had been shown. One of the finest was Leutze's picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware." After these tableaux a procession was formed, headed by a magnificent band in sixteenth-century costume, and behind it a triumphal wagon, with Albrecht Dürer, Hans Holbein and other German painters of the past, and the members of all the various groups preceded by heralds bearing on a shield the title of the picture and name of artist, until the terrace was reached, where a great surprise awaited them. The huge statue of the Grand Duke seemed to have been carted from the market-place and placed upon the terrace. When the procession together with the spectators had grouped itself round the terrace, the green man on the green horse, the original being made out of bronze and covered with verdigris, suddenly turned round and disclosed a real man on a

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dummy horse, who greeted the assembly in a mock courtly speech richly interlarded with the French expressions in vogue at the petty German courts during the end of the seventeenth century.

After this everyone went to supper, and at the stroke of midnight the guests trooped towards a lawn with a pond in front. The band played the music of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when up there rose out of some bushes the Queen of the Fairies, who slowly fluttered about, with a bright star on her forehead. Then out of every bush there came fairies who formed a ring round their Queen and executed their night dance. Suddenly little gnomes appeared who dashed at the fairies, and at last succeeded in capturing the Queen, when all the rest disappeared. Then as the procession appeared out of the bushes, it was headed by the King of the Gnomes, the Queen of the Fairies sitting beside him in a golden carriage drawn by gigantic beetles and lizards, accompanied by gnomes bearing illuminated flowers, and by frogs bearing will-o'-the-wisp lanterns. The cortège slowly wound along, and then out of the bushes there shot, drawn by illuminated swans, a boat made like a sea-shell, in which stood Father Rhein, who in a speech thanked them all for their help and attendance. The gnomes were little boys and girls, the sons and daughters of artists, and the fairies papier-

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mâché torsos of dolls with flowing garments of transparent draperies, fastened on long sticks and waving gracefully in the night wind.

After a fête of this kind, the young bloods mostly kept it up for another day or two, and I have known some of the students and artists remain in their costumes for three or four days. Very often, after all night had been spent in feasting, carriages were called and a move was made for the Gräfenberg, where we breakfasted ; and many a peasant coming through the wood during the day could hardly trust his eyes, or thought he must be dreaming, when he saw the figures that met him in the forest. I remember that once a student dressed as a bishop in full fig was one of a group, and when some peasants saw him they knelt, and he gave them his blessing in the orthodox manner.

Carnival, too, was a high time for the Club, which then never closed from Saturday morning to Wednesday morning, and, the stage being open to the public, dancing went on all day to the music of our band. I have even seen people in the churches receiving the Ashen Cross on their foreheads, still dressed in their fancy dresses. It was also an exceptional time for collecting bell-knobs and signboards of any description. My own museum was thoroughly well stocked, and some of the painted signboards and brilliant

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bell-handles caused much envy among my fellow-students.

I dare say a good many people will remember that about twenty years ago the print-shops in London were full of reproductions of paintings of chicken. They were chiefly young chicken who had just hatched out, and the most popular was the Agnostic Chicken, which was looking at the fragments of its shell and saying, "I don't believe that I ever came out of that!" The artist was a fellow-student with me at Düsseldorf, and he was one of the most happy-go-lucky and impecunious men among us, and that is saying a good deal. He was as deeply in debt as he could manage to be with all the members of the Club, the Malcasten, and at last his creditors began to get impatient as they saw no chance of getting their money back. A student named Ximenes was the first to put the matter bluntly to him and ask him when he was going to pay back what he had borrowed. But the chicken painter was a man of resource. "My dear Ximenes," he said, "I have made a splendid arrangement for paying off my little debts. I have drawn up a list of my creditors in alphabetical order, and I hope to get as far as B by the end of next year."

The same man once took the members of the Malcasten aside one by one, and said to them,

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“My dear fellow, my wife’s birthday happens next week, and I have decided to present her with a magnificent Indian shawl on behalf of the Club. I am putting down all the members for contributions according to their incomes, and if you don’t mind I will collect the money now.” Considering how well he was known, it was extraordinary how much coin he managed to rake in; but the artists were a good-natured lot, and always ready to lend a friend money when they had any. However, the Indian shawl never left the shop, for the day before his wife’s birthday the chicken painter went off to a neighbouring village with a model, and did not return till both the subscriptions and whatever credit the villagers would allow him were exhausted.

Düsseldorf, as I said before, was a garrison town, and many of the officers were members of the Malcasten. In the restaurants certain rooms were always reserved for them and their friends; these were not private rooms, but it was an understood thing that no one was allowed to sit there unless by permission of the officers. When I was there, it happened that a Jew banker from Frankfort, named Oppenheim, was living at Düsseldorf. He was on very friendly terms with the garrison, and used to have supper at the officers’ tables. One night he was having supper by himself, and at a table close by were several

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young officers, and both civilian and soldiers were more or less happy. Presently a lieutenant, who was pretty far gone, said, "It is a pity, Oppenheim, that you should be a Jew. You are almost good enough to be a Christian." He got up, and staggered across to Oppenheim's table with a full glass of champagne in his hand. "That is how I christen a Jew," he said, pouring the wine over Oppenheim's head and face.

Naturally, Oppenheim was furious, and as he too had been drinking a bit, he took up his plate and threw the contents right in the aggressor's face, saying, "And that is how I christen a lieutenant!" The officer at once drew his sword and attacked Oppenheim, who snatched up a chair and tried to defend himself. But the lieutenant was mad with rage at the insult from a Jew, and Oppenheim had to retreat into a corner, where the lieutenant drove his sword through the chair and Oppenheim and into the wall. The unfortunate banker died almost at once, and the lieutenant was tried by court-martial for murder; but as Oppenheim had insulted the cloth by saying "This is how I christen a lieutenant," instead of merely mentioning him by name, the murder became justifiable homicide, and the lieutenant got off with a year's detention in a fortress. In Germany the officer's "cloth" is sacred, and he is bound to avenge any

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insult offered to it. If Oppenheim had been sober enough to have remembered this, he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that his assailant might quite possibly have been found guilty of murder.

Detention in a fortress is, of course, a farce, except in so far as a slight loss of liberty is concerned. The lieutenant was sent to Wesel on the Rhine, where he lived over a restaurant for convenience in entertaining his friends. He might not leave his quarters from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m. If he ventured out between those hours, he was at once arrested ; for he was a marked man, being in uniform but without his sword. Every morning at 9 a.m. he had to report himself at the office of the Platz Kommandant, who had the custody of his sword, but after that he was free to do as he liked all day, with the exception of having to be in his quarters by 9 p.m. The reason why he lived over the restaurant was that then he could sit up all night entertaining his friends among the officers of the garrison, or his fellow-"prisoners" who had rooms in the same house ; for though he himself might not leave his quarters after 9 p.m., he might have anyone he liked in them at any hour.

In 1876 there was a noted duellist at Düsseldorf named Hauptmann Bischofsheim. One day he chose to consider himself insulted by an

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artist, and challenged him to a duel. I was present as an independent witness, and for some reason which I forget it was decided that they should fight the most deadly style of duel, that with pistols and fifteen paces barrier. Two handkerchiefs were put down fifteen paces apart, and the combatants were stationed forty-five paces apart, or fifteen paces from the nearest handkerchief. The artist, as the challenged man, had the first shot, and it was his right to walk up to the nearest handkerchief and fire one shot at his adversary, who for his part had to stand still and wait. The Hauptmann stood at his mark, holding his pistol in his right hand, with his arms crossed on his chest and his back turned to his enemy. The artist then slowly walked up to the mark, and just before he reached the handkerchief he stopped and fired, the distance being, of course, thirty paces. Unfortunately for him, he missed, and Bischofsheim turning round said, "Now it's my turn." He walked with the cruellest deliberation the fifteen paces to the handkerchief, so that he was only fifteen paces from the artist, a distance at which so good a shot could not miss. He pointed his pistol straight up in the air, and said, "I'm going to shoot you through the stomach," and gradually lowering his arm fired with deadly accuracy. The unhappy artist died three days afterwards in great agony, and the

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Hauptmann was tried by court-martial; but pleading an insult to his cloth, he was given a year's detention in a fortress.

Duels of this sort are very different from the face-scratching encounters by which German students settle their little affairs of honour, and it is a peculiarity of them that a man always has the right of "raising" his adversary, from small sword or rapier to cavalry sabre, from cavalry sabre to pistol, and from pistol at fifty paces to pistol at fifteen paces barrier.

But the artists did not always come off second best in their encounters with the soldiers and other civilians. I remember an American artist named Storey, a big and powerful man, who once got out of a duel by his unorthodox way of receiving the challenge. One day Storey was sitting at luncheon in an open-air restaurant, as was his custom, and reading a paper propped up in front of him, when the Graf von Bückeburg, an officer in the reserve, came in, and as he passed along the tables gave each of them a rap with his cane as he went by. This was a trick the Graf had, and no one seemed to take any notice of it. But it happened that he had rapped Storey's table once or twice before, and the American resented the liberty. That day the Graf came along in his airy way and, it so happened, passed by Storey's place. As his



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WATERLOO, 1815.

From a painting by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

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cane touched the table Storey snatched it out of his hand, broke it to pieces, and threw it out into the road. The Graf stopped and glared at Storey, drew out a card and threw it on the table. This was a challenge, but Storey flipped the card into the road after the broken stick, and went on reading his paper. The Graf glared more fiercely than ever, but as Storey took no more notice of him, he stalked off. The American went back to his studio, and before very long a lieutenant of Uhlans came in and, clicking his heels together, presented a cartel on behalf of the Graf von Bückebug. Storey looked at the challenge, tore it up, and taking the lieutenant by the scruff of the neck, threw him down the stairs into the street, telling him to send his principal. But evidently these transatlantic methods did not appeal either to the lieutenant or to the Graf, for Storey never heard any more of the matter.

The students were not exactly loved by the townspeople, but many a wild freak committed by others was often unjustly laid at their doors. There were many curious characters among them; for example, a tall, raw-boned Western American, Cheaply by name. We went to supper one night at a restaurant, and seating ourselves at a long table at the end of the room asked for the bill of fare. The landlord came up and apolo-

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getically informed us that we were sitting at the table always reserved for the honourable gentlemen the officers; but Cheaply refused to budge, and insisted on being served. Shortly afterwards the officers, mostly young lieutenants, arrived. They took their places, and began to scowl and talk at us. Cheaply was gradually getting angry, so I told him not to reply, as it would lead to trouble. A duel would certainly be the result, or if insult should be offered to their cloth, there was the chance of having a sword run through one without the formality of a challenge. So Cheaply swallowed his wrath, but appeared again the next evening at the same time, sat down in the same place, and placing a couple of long revolvers on each side of his plate, waited events. We were neither talked nor glared at that evening, and ate our supper in peace. A short time after this, I passed the main Guard with Cheaply one night about 1 a.m., when, as it happened, there hung the drum of the drummer of the Guard on a peg near the rifle stands. Cheaply sent his umbrella through both skins, and with a shout that might have awakened the whole barrack, "Haraus mit das Gewehr!" (his equivalent, although not quite correct, of "Guard, turn out!"), we bolted round the corner for the sake of our liberty, and perhaps our lives, as the last thing I saw was the sentry ramming a cartridge into his rifle.

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We led a joyous life there, and I seem to have made some impression on the city (perhaps not altogether artistically), for Dudley Hardy, who also studied at Düsseldorf, told me that eight or nine years afterwards my memory was as green as if I had only just left, and that the students used to date events as happening before Woodville came, or while he was at Düsseldorf, or after he left. I could write volumes of our wild existence there. The time was jolly and never to be forgotten, so let us pass over the many opportunities we lost, and hope the present generation will not imitate our example.

CHAPTER II

IN ALBANIA AND MONTENEGRO

AT the end of the Russo-Turkish War I found myself in Scutari (Scodra), the northern capital of Albania. Scutari was full of Turkish troops, and the Mohammedan population was in rather a nasty temper. The Treaty of Berlin had been signed, and the question of the frontier between Montenegro and Albania was causing trouble in the city and in the mountains. Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Kirby Green was British Consul-General in North Albania and Chargé d'Affaires in Montenegro, and we constantly expected that there would be a rising of the Mohammedans and that all the Christians would be butchered.

As Ferik Riza Pasha, who was acting as Commander-in-Chief and Governor, would do nothing to aid the Frontier Commission, Mr. Green decided to withdraw to Montenegro, and send his family to Corfu, as a protest against the delay. So we started off one morning about three o'clock for our ride to the coast, and Mr. Green asked me to take care of his son

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aged fourteen, and little daughter aged nine,—and this was one of the most miserable rides I ever had in my life.

From the capital to the seaport San Giovanni di Medua, it was a ride of about twenty miles. Of course it was pitch dark, about 3 a.m., when we started, and Mr. Green had to look after his wife, his mother,—Margaret Lady Green,—and his sister-in-law.

The first thing that happened in the dark was that I lost his son. He disappeared—got lost, or deserted. Then my troubles began. First of all, the little girl's pony would not go with mine, being a stranger, so I tied his reins to the cantle of my saddle and dragged him along bodily. I then thought I would try the other way—by seating her in front of me on the wallets—and then the beast would not go at all, so I had to return the child to her own saddle and start again the pulling process, which was slow work. After this, we had twice to swim the river, which was in flood at the time. To add to my troubles, on landing from the last crossing, I came across several Albanians who were fingering their long guns and wanted to get at me. I had only my heavy army revolver with me, but eventually, after consulting together, they let me pass. I had gone only another ten miles or so when I lost my way entirely, and,

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after wandering about in the swamps, found myself about 6 o'clock p.m. by the seashore, with San Giovanni in the distance. On arriving, I took the little girl, who during all these weary miles had been calling and crying for her parents, and handed her over to the care of an Austrian telegraph official. I found, by the bye, when I got to the telegraph station that the son Jack, young ruffian, had already arrived. I then had to gallop back and find the rest of the party, and they all arrived safe and sound. The next morning they went aboard the British cruiser which was waiting for them, and Mr. Green was furious when I refused to accompany him, saying that I was going back to certain death.

After they had left, I returned to Scutari, arriving there just as the bazaars were emptying, when I was at once surrounded by hundreds of Albanians, who hugged and kissed me, and in their delight at seeing me return—I was, incidentally, the only non-official European left at the time—could not make enough fuss of me.

At this time the Mohammedans were in the midst of their Ramazan fast, a period which lasts forty days, during which time their tempers are in a very critical condition and many a fanatical outbreak occurs. Every day, from the moment the sunset gun went, I had to eat

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numerous dinners and drink rakki and mastic during their nocturnal festivities, and in fact become one of themselves. I was also persuaded to dress as an Albanian on account of the many fanatical mountaineers who were coming down daily, and who might wish to gain everlasting bliss in Paradise through killing a Giaour.

My cook at this time was a remarkable character. He was a low-class Christian of the town, a Roman Catholic of course, and had acquired some knowledge of the ways of Europeans, as he had been in service as a cook at the British Consulate-General. He was dismissed from the Consulate-General, I think, on account of his inability to distinguish between what was his own property and what was that of his master, and after that he went in the same capacity to a little hotel kept by two brothers of half-Greek extraction from South Albania. He cooked for me when I was staying at the hotel, and when I went on an expedition into the country I asked him to come with me. He agreed to do so, but said that he could not come at once, and I thought that it was merely a question of giving notice to the hotel-keeper. But he explained to me that the delay was caused by the fact that he was the main support of his mother, who was very old and getting infirm. He declared that if he travelled with

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me he did not know how he could arrange to send her any money, and that probably she would starve. However, it was arranged that I should start at early dawn and wait for him at the mountain village, a few miles out of Scutari, where I was to spend the night, and that I should lend him a horse on which he would hurry out to rejoin me in time to cook my supper that evening.

Accordingly I started at dawn as usual, and went on ahead, stopping in the heat of the day at a village at the foot of the mountains, and jogging on in the afternoon to the place where I was to sleep that night, farther in among the hills. Sure enough, my cook joined me in good time, and provided me with a most excellent supper. The next morning I asked him what arrangements he had made about his old mother, and he told me in the shaky Italian in which we used to converse that the old woman was very decrepit and that she could not last long. I knew all that, but I wanted to know what he had done for her during his absence. He went on telling me how hard it was to get a living, until at last I got impatient. Then he told me quite calmly that as his mother was so old and useless he had thought it best to poison her, and that he had stopped behind to have her buried properly and as a good son should.

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The fellow was such a liar that the mere fact of his telling me this was more or less evidence that he had done nothing of the sort, but at any rate I am sure that he was quite capable of getting rid of anyone who stood in his way, if he could do it with impunity.

He was a most extraordinary youth. He always spoke of his former mistress as "Meery," and when I told him he ought to call her "Mrs. Green," he said, "Why? Her name is 'Meery.' That's what the Konsolos calls her." And I never could get him to understand that it was not usual in Europe to call ladies by their Christian names, nor if you did not know their names, to speak of them as "the wife of So-and-so," or "the daughter of Such-a-one."

My great friends at this time were two Albanian Beys—both wealthy landowners. One bore the name of Betchi Churcha,—which means the lamb,—and to prove his lamb-like nature he had already forty-five murders to his account. The last one he had committed only a few days before my return to Scutari. He had a row with a man over a game of billiards, and then took himself off and waited his chance. When his opponent appeared, he shot him in the back. Now, the only surviving relative the dead man had was an aged father, so Betchi, to make certain that there would be no one left to carry on the

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blood feud, sent his negro servant to the café where his victim's father was in the habit of taking his kief, with a message that someone had just shot his son. As the poor old man came out to see his son's body, he also was shot in the back by Betchi. He was a cheerful and thorough scoundrel!

Betchi took a great fancy to me, and provided each night during Bairam and Ramazan a gorgeous feast in my honour, with gipsy girls to dance and sing to us into the small hours of the morning, until the gun went at sunrise, and we all retired to our virtuous couches, and the day's fast began.

Betchi's bosom friend was a certain Ibrahim Kastrati. He owned all the land in the village of Kastrati, in which was born Skanderbeg, the great Albanian patriot, whose real name was Georgio Kastrioti, from which the name of the village was corrupted.

This Ibrahim shot, during my stay, a barber who asked him to pay his bill, and shortly afterwards he himself was shot down by a mountaineer in the bazaar.

Another great friend of mine was one Nik Lekha, one of the principal chiefs of the Clementi tribe. This gentleman, when taking a stroll through the bazaar, was accosted by a shop-keeper for an unpaid bill, and the bill not being

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settled, he called Nik Lekha, who was a Roman Catholic, a dog of a Christian. Nik immediately drew his yatagan, collared the shopkeeper by his back hair, by which Mohammed might have carried him up to Paradise, and calmly sabred his head off. He then made a bolt for it, running through the bazaar with the bloody trophy in his hand. There was at once a wild cry, and all the Mohammedans ran together, whilst there followed a wild fusillade, lasting about half an hour, between the two parties. This miniature battle took place in a narrow, high-walled street about a hundred yards long, with the respective parties blazing away at each other from both ends of the thoroughfare. I must here add that after this my friend Nik was badly wanted by the Turkish Government on account of this and many other blood feuds. They got jealous of the way in which he successfully levied blackmail from the Slav merchants.

Shortly after this my friend Betchi came to an abrupt end. I was lying on my bed at Toshli's Hotel, reading a novel, when suddenly there came a bang! bang! from below. I looked out of the window, and saw an officer and three Zaptiehs firing with their Winchester carbines into the hall of the hotel, and every now and then shots were fired in return. When I looked down over the banisters, there was my friend Betchi emptying

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his revolvers and his servant using his Martini rifle. When his pistols were empty, he chucked them at the soldiers, took to his heels, and pelted down the street with two shots in his side, two in his thigh, and one which had smashed his right shoulder. He ran into his sister's house close by, and snatching a Snider rifle from the wall,—in Albania every firearm in the house is kept ready loaded,—poked it through the window, with his left hand, at the lieutenant. The latter fired one second sooner, and shot him through the middle of the forehead, thereby leaving his four wives widows! One can see by this that the Turkish Government really began to make efforts at that time to stop the lawlessness. After this, a rather funny episode occurred in Scutari.

At the invitation of Riza Pasha, Prenck Bib Doda, Prince of Miriditia, arrived in Scutari with some four thousand of his wild mountaineers. He was very badly wanted by the Turkish Government for various little affairs—such as waylaying Government transport-trains and helping himself to their contents. Dervish Pasha, who had been sent to Scutari on a special mission, wanted to arrest him, but did not dare to do so on account of his large following. So he asked Bib Doda to a very gorgeous lunch, and after this meal he said, "I would like to show you my new military road to San

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Giovanni." Now, Dervish possessed the only carriage in Scutari at the time, and he invited the Prince to take a drive along the road with him. The Miridites—the Prince's followers—being on foot, were soon left behind. The drive was continued until they reached the seashore, where, not far out, was a ship at anchor, when Dervish quietly remarked to the Prince, "I am extremely sorry, but I shall have to put you on board that gunboat." He was then taken to the fortress of Gallipoli, and for all I know he may still be there, if he has not died from too "strong" a cup of coffee.

Once, when I visited Prenck Bib Doda, in his stronghold near Croya, I met him and some of his followers at the gateway of his castle. I inquired which was the Prince, and when he was pointed out to me, I handed him a letter of introduction from Mr. Green. As soon as he had read it, he bolted like a rabbit, and after waiting for about half an hour, I was ultimately ushered in, and Bib Doda received me in state with a numerous suite of armed retainers, he being clad in a complete suit of silver armour, closely resembling the ancient Japanese. This must have been of great weight, and the whole reception struck a highly medieval note.

Croya, the capital of Miriditia, is built on the top of a high rock, and at one time was the

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asylum for all the worst cut-throats and bandits in Albania, and that means a good deal out there. They were perfectly safe up there, as anyone to get up these rocks had to be hauled up in a sort of basket arrangement. All this is changed since the Turks built a road up to this town.

The Turks fought the Miridites for four years, and after that time they had to give it up in despair, in spite of having as many as 80,000 troops in the country.

It is astonishing the amount of ancient Roman and Greek coins, tear-bottles, vases, etc., and even weapons, which are found in Albania. A great number of fifteenth-century arms, swords, tapestries, and silver plate, etc., were discovered in Antivari after the Russo-Turkish War, which had remained there forgotten, in cellars, for over four centuries, hidden by the Venetians on their handing over the town to the Turks towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was the artillery of the bombarding Black Mountaineers that laid bare these treasure-cellars.

It was rather curious to note that many of the men one saw in town or country in this region were devoid of noses. Not by nature, but intent. This mutilation was inflicted by the mountaineers of Montenegro upon Albanians who fell into their hands as prisoners during the war, so that they should be recognised if captured a second

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time. When this happened it was their heads that paid toll.

I made a journey up to a place called Gusigne, as Bozo Petrovitch, the Montenegrin General, was going to occupy this place and the Plava District,—ceded to Montenegro under the Berlin Treaty,—and consequently the Albanians had mustered in force to resist him. When I arrived near Gusigne the fight had taken place, and the Albanians were marching triumphantly back into the town with over five hundred Montenegrin heads on their bayonets ; in front of the procession a warrior carried the head of a Perejanik with the dead man's silver breast and shoulder plates suspended below it, which reminded one of the Romans when they carried the armour of their conquered foes in triumph. All these heads were stuck on stakes round the mosques afterwards ; a few days later one could see them knocking about in the gutters, food for pariah dogs. Immediately after my arrival, my stay in Gusigne was cut short and I had to beat a precipitous retreat, as I received information from a Franciscan monk that some of the fanatical mountaineers had decided that I would look better without a head on my body. So I departed with the picturesque friar, who looked very martial in his brown Franciscan cowled habit, with his heavy cavalry moustache, a Turkish

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fez perched rakishly on the side of his head, a heavy Gasser revolver in his belt and a Martini rifle in his hand. To complete this queer costume, he wore a pair of high cavalry boots decorated with enormous spurs, such as one sees in pictures of the times of the Civil Wars, and which remind one of the gay cavalier of the stage. After a ride of some twenty miles, we had arrived at the Khan of Koplick, where we were just having refreshments and coffee, when four awful-looking Bosniak ruffians came in and sat themselves down, unfortunately between us and our firearms, which were hanging on the wall behind them. These men then told my monk that they had been ordered to bring my head to Gusigne,—so things began to look jolly awkward for me, not to say unpleasant. He then explained, and told them he was surprised they should be so inhospitable after having accepted my coffee; but argument did not seem to prevail. Luckily for me, at the opportune moment my great friend Nik Lekha arrived with about six of his mountaineers, and the situation having been explained to him, he told my would-be executioners that I was in the Clementi district and had the safe-conduct of his tribe, so they must not touch me, and ordered them to clear out of the district at once, and told me to return to Scutari.

Another cheerful person whom I met in

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Albania was a police officer, by name Paliokha, who having decided one day to wipe out a rival, carefully poisoned his sword, and while telling me about his grievance, and feeling the edge of the sword to assure himself that it was keen enough to accomplish the desired trick, cut his own thumb. It was a case of the biter being bit, as he very nearly lost his hand.

The Turkish Government have always refused to interfere in any way with the little sanguinary amusements of the Albanians, and allow them to wipe each other out to their heart's content, but when thirty or forty have been got rid of on each side, the party who have lost the fewest number of men have to present the opposite side with a number of cattle; this is done to put an end to the scandal, and thereby honour is satisfied.

A certain Pasha of one of the Pashaliks of Albania fell in love with an extremely handsome Austrian lady whose husband had some business in the town. This Pasha said to himself, "How shall I get hold of the lady?" He got a merchant in the town to go to the husband and lend him 50 liras (Turk.). He was to offer easy terms, and the money to be repaid at the borrower's convenience during his lifetime. So then the old Pasha lay in wait until the information came to him that the husband had spent the 50 liras. The moment he knew this

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had been done, he had him arrested and brought before him. He said he had heard, greatly to his disgust, that he had borrowed 50 liras from a poor merchant in the town, and so far there seemed no chance of his being able to pay it back. For such dastardly conduct he would have to march him off to the Castle (otherwise the prison, or *choki*) until such time as he could find the money. The last thing heard of the fair lady was that she had been added to the harem of the Pasha.

This same Pasha had a great deal of secret-service money at his command. I, one day, carried dispatches for him through the Albanian lines over to the Montenegrins. On my return to Scutari he offered me £100 for my expenses; this—no inconsiderable sum in that country—he said I need not be afraid to accept, as it was absolutely necessary for him to get rid of his secret-service money. This gentleman had been military attaché at the Turkish Embassy in London, and once remarked to me, “Ah! London, I was there perfectly happy when I had one of your beautiful English ladies by my side, your *Punch* to read, my cigarettes to smoke, and a d—— good bottle of champagne.”

All along the frontier between Albania and Montenegro war practically never ceases, as both sides always shoot each other on sight. In

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fact, war is their pastime, and as everyone in these countries always goes heavily armed the temptation to shoot is too strong to be resisted.

In Montenegro the only factory that exists is one for the manufacture of ammunition. This country, with its small population of about 225,000, puts an army of over 38,000 men in the field, every one of them fighting men, as the women in war-time manage the transport and commissariat departments. These often fight and use the rifle as well as any man. During the Russo-Turkish War a party of some thirty women in a little ancient Venetian castle by Rijeka, on the banks of the Lake of Scutari, held over a thousand Turkish soldiers and Albanians at bay.

One day at Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, I wished to send a letter in the winter, when the snow was rather deep, to Cattaro, containing a number of sketches to be forwarded to England, so I went to the Khanji and asked him if he could procure me a messenger. He replied that nothing was easier, went to the jail and came back with one of the prisoners, saying that if he got frozen to death or lost in a snowdrift it wouldn't matter at all! I then found that a good deal of the postal service, at that time, was carried on in this way during the winter months.

During Easter in Montenegro one has to eat innumerable hard-boiled eggs and drink equally

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innumerable glasses of slivovitch or rakki, in visiting from house to house. This happened to me when with the Montenegrin Army at Podgoritza under General Voivoda Plaminatz. I was taken round town by his staff, and had to eat and drink with all in turn, including their many friends. The result of one against many can be imagined. But I had my revenge! When at Antivari on the day of the Prince's birthday, I gave a "punch d'honneur," in honour of this event, to the Headquarter Staff of the army, consisting of most of the Podgoritza lot. I sent into the town of Antivari and got about two dozen bottles of rum, with a number of quarts of slivovitch, and having boiled the lot together, thoroughly sweetened it and added a quantity of sliced lemon, the punch was complete, and of course consisted of pure spirits only. The Headquarter Staff appeared the next morning, as one may imagine, a sorry lot of dogs with sore heads.

One day I saw numbers of women going along carrying very heavy cases containing rifle cartridges, shells, and charges for the field guns, each weighing some 75 pounds, which they carried up steep gradients, apparently with the greatest ease. The activity and strength of these women, and the ease with which they would carry heavy loads in the mountains, was something astounding.

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Once wishing to go from Rijeka to Cetinje, some ten miles, I employed a young Montenegrin girl to carry my portmanteau, which was crammed full with my clothes and other heavy articles, and which weighed some 80 pounds. She hoisted it on her head and started walking up the side of the mountain, which sloped at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and was very rugged at that, as easily as if she were on the flat and carrying nothing at all, whilst I, burdened with a walking-stick only, was glad to stop and take breath every few minutes. The girl only smiled, beckoned to me to come on, and offered her hand in assistance, moved by pity for my shortness of breath.

The picturesque national dress is, I am sorry to say, already beginning to disappear, as the army is dressed now in khaki, and one sees in the towns that many have adopted the European costume of the "reach-me-down" type.

The Perejaniks of the Prince's bodyguard still wear a kind of old Slav armour when in gala dress. Some of these dresses, I have been told, date as far back as the great Serb Empire of six hundred years ago.

The Montenegrins are a race of splendid manhood. You very seldom see a man who is below 5 feet 10 inches in height, and many of the women are as tall. The men seem to fill up all their time in polishing their arms, while the

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women do all the heavy work in the field and elsewhere. Yet, when you enter a Montenegrin's house, he will receive you with the apologetic request that you should excuse his mentioning such a subject, but allow him to present his wife!!

CHAPTER III

IN EGYPT IN 1882

THE trenches of Tel-el-Kebir had been stormed, and Egypt was in the hands of England's army. Arabi Pasha was a prisoner in Mohammed Ali's Citadel in Cairo, and that city had again begun to assume a gay and festive air, owing to the many visitors of all nations who were flocking in to see a British army occupying Egypt for the second time within a hundred years. Shepherd's was then *the* hotel, and to it flocked all the *haute volée*. The terrace in front of it was always gay with ladies, civilians, and officers in the uniforms both of the English and Egyptian services,—the latter those who had remained faithful to the Khedive, and had now crawled forth from their boltholes. Most of the others, English and foreign, had accepted service in the new Egyptian Army which was to be formed, especially for the two expeditions under Hicks Pasha for Khartoum, and under Baker Pasha (Colonel Valentine Baker, late of the 13th Hussars) for Suakin against the Hadendowas. The Marquess of Dufferin arrived

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from St. Petersburg to take over his duties as Chief British Commissioner, and General Sir Evelyn Wood had accepted the Sirdarship of the Egyptian Army. Those were the days when the winter weather in Egypt still reminded one of Africa, when there was hardly ever rain, and never cold, the days before the fellaheen had reason to say that the English had planted and grown the English climate in their country.

The Shuba Road was crowded from early morning till late in the afternoon with carriages and riders, and with ladies of the harem, whose thin tulle yashmaks did not disguise their faces, with eunuchs on the box beside the coachmen. Beside these stalked the camel and, more useful still, the patient donkey, which both when ridden or as a beast of burden was weighed down with even greater loads than we should think of packing on a horse.

The Italian Opera was soon in full swing, and a French company took turns with it, playing musical comedies. The house looked very gay with all the bright uniforms of our officers in mess-dress, and the Egyptian Army's last representatives in full review order. The first tier of boxes on the right was devoted to the ladies of the harem behind their lace screens, which were as transparent as their yashmaks.

Tewfik Pasha, the son of Ismael the deposed,

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the creator of the Suez Canal, sat nightly in the house that his father had caused to be built in one month, at the time of the grand opening of the Suez Canal, and in which Verdi's opera *Aida* was performed on the thirty-first day after the laying of the foundation stone. The Opera was commissioned simultaneously with the command to build the house.

The Marquess of Dufferin, with his wife and daughter, was seldom absent, and it was curious to see the departure of both,—the Khedive with his rag and bob-tail escort of Circassians in shabby uniforms and with swords often suspended by bits of string, and Lord Dufferin, who, with his smart escort of British hussars or dragoons, so looked the picture of soldierly bearing, that a Frenchman next to me exclaimed, "Voilà, les vrais rois d'Égypte!"

Sir Evelyn Wood, who was then also staying at Shepheard's, had the reorganisation of the future Egyptian Army in hand. He had summoned many British officers from everywhere. Here was Captain Kitchener (now Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum) fresh from police work in Cyprus, Captain Chermside from Turkey, Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor from the 19th Hussars, Captain Brophy of the 42nd Highlanders, and so on, all to command brigades or regiments. There were, of course, amongst them many diverse

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opinions as to what the future uniform of the army was to be. Some wanted French grey, some khaki, some blue, and so on, and there seemed no agreement possible. The uniforms until then had all been formed on the French model, and were as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colours, so at last the Sirdar cut the Gordian knot by suggesting that I, being a military artist, might be commissioned to undertake the designing of the new uniforms. I accepted, and dressed the army in three blues, as I considered this colour to be the best to go with the olive or darker faces of the natives. The cavalry I dressed in sky blue, as Lancers with white facings; the infantry in medium blue with cream facings, and the artillery, engineers, etc., in dark blue with scarlet facings. The cut of the tunics was strictly on British lines, as also were the pantaloons of the cavalry; but the infantry, artillery, etc., except the mounted men, had baggy breeches with broad stripes and white gaiters coming half-way to the knee.

Early in November, the trial of Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian rebel leader, took place. The court martial was presided over by General Sir Archibald Alison, and General Sir Richard Wilson was the prosecutor. Arabi was defended by Mr. A. M. Broadley, brought to Cairo for that purpose from Tunis, where he practised as an

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advocate, by Lord De La Warr and Mr. R. Blount. He had as junior the Hon. Mark Napier, a son of Lord Napier of Ettrick. The trial, as may be expected, was a fierce one, and lasted only about twenty minutes, Arabi, as in the good Old Bailey days, smelling a bouquet presented to him by Mrs. Napier. He was found guilty, and the court was cleared. When it reassembled a short while after, it was stated that, owing to the great clemency of H.H. Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, the death sentence was commuted to one of banishment for life. It was whispered at the time that had Arabi and his counsel insisted on a fair trial, they could have proved that the massacres of Alexandria were not due to him, but to members of the Palace party, which tried thereby to force the intervention of France and England, and in fact that Arabi had done all in his power to prevent them.

I had at that time a commission from the Fine Art Society to paint for them the charge of the Household Brigade at Kassassin. The truth of that charge will, I suppose, never be known, as the adventures of the brigade on that night were really remarkable. I was told by many at the time, that the brigade had lost their way, and had wandered aimlessly through the desert. Early in the evening the order was given for the men to throw off their hay-bags, as they

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would have been considerably hampered by them if attacked. Next the brigade came upon a large body of troops, and prepared to charge. Just as the word of command was given, a British officer galloped up and, wildly gesticulating, cried out that they were about to attack a British regiment. The next thing was a charge against infantry evidently lying down, and when they rode amongst them they found they had defeated their hay-bags thrown off earlier in the evening! The third charge seemed to have been really against a body of Egyptian infantry. How much of this *histoire scandaleuse* is true only Tommy, who happened to be there, can tell.

Many curious stories can be told of that campaign; for instance, how Colonel Coghill commanding the 19th Hussars found himself early one morning, three days before the storming, with his regiment in the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, these being utterly deserted by the enemy. He at once sent a message back to headquarters to that effect, but greatly to his chagrin he was ordered to fall back on Kassassin, as evidently the day on which it was foretold that the stronghold would be stormed had not yet arrived. On the night of the actual storming of Tel-el-Kebir, another disaster was narrowly averted. During the advance in the night, under the leadership of Lieutenant Rawson, R.N. (who guided the army

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across the desert by the stars, and whose portrait in that action, painted by me, now hangs in the Greenwich Hospital), the centre, with the staff, of the long line of infantry, consisting of some fifteen regiments, was held back, and the wings kept on pressing forward, forming a crescent, until suddenly the right and left wing were actually almost facing, and might have taken each other for the enemy. Many curious incidents took place during the storming of the trenches. Captain (now General) Sir Alfred Hutton, of the mounted infantry, ran with some Highlanders to capture a field gun which was just driving off. The gunners got off to unlimber the gun, and clambering back on to the limber, they galloped off, much lightened by casting off the 13-pounder Krupp. Hutton slewed the gun round, rammed in the emergency round carried on the trail, fired, and blew up the limber the first shot. A case of the Egyptians being blown up by their own petard.

After the battle, and when the trenches, built so perfectly and with such care, were deserted, and the troops of both armies were on the march to Cairo, one as victors, the other as prisoners, the desert was given up to the Arab ghouls and pilferers. A party of these were desirous of cooking their dinner, and so they made a sort of oven of some ten or twelve live shells, that were lying about by the thousand. They thought

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this the very thing for their cooking operations. After they had lighted a fire in the centre, and seated themselves expectantly around the steaming brew, they received a dinner, when the shells got thoroughly hot, which could not have been to their liking.

After the occupation of Cairo, Sir Archibald Alison was sent off with the 42nd Highlanders to occupy Tantah. On arriving there by train, he and his staff walked from the station into the town, leaving the Highlanders to follow, when all had detrained. On turning a corner, they suddenly found themselves in the middle of a large square surrounded by about 4000 Egyptian troops—infantry, dismounted cavalry, and artillery—who were being addressed by some officer of high rank. Sir Archibald advanced into the centre, and saluting the officer, informed him that he had come to take possession of the town, and requested that the troops should lay down their arms and surrender. The officers present laughingly translated the request into Arabic to the men, who began to look very ugly and to finger their rifles and carbines, and just as the Egyptian Pasha was demanding the swords of the British officers present, preparatory to making them prisoners, the welcome sound of the bagpipes came up the street, and soon one side of the square was occupied by the Black Watch.

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After that, there was no more trouble with the Egyptians,—they fell in, and filing past to the centre, threw down their arms, and Tantah had surrendered.

At that time I made many sketches, and had many photographs taken of the trenches for my friend the late Alphonse de Neuville, who also had a commission from the Fine Art Society to paint the storming of the trenches. He was rather ill at the time, and could not undertake the journey himself, to do this work for his picture.

One morning, when at work at Shephard's, doing some studies of our men in their discoloured, war-worn and stained uniforms, a great surprise came to me. A waiter announced the Marquess of Dufferin to see me. I thought there must be some mistake. When he entered, accompanied by Sir Edward Malet,—then British Consul-General in Egypt,—he told me that he had just received a telegram from General Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to the late Queen Victoria, to command me to paint H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and the Guards at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Lord Dufferin asked me if I would accept the commission—a needless question, as the honour was most grateful to me. It was the first of many commissions to follow. There were many people at the time who wished to

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depreciate the Duke of Connaught's position during the battle, but his task was a most important one, as he commanded the Guards who formed the reserve during the battle, and in the event of the first line being driven back, would have had to fetch the hot chestnuts out of the fire. Moreover, during the fight in the trenches, although the Guards were inactive, the loss in dead and wounded was quite equal in proportion to that of the rest of the army. Amongst others, the brigade bugler, who was standing next to His Royal Highness, was wounded badly in the leg, and twenty-two men in the direct line behind him and his staff were either killed or wounded.

So then I set to work to make more studies and sketches for the Queen's picture in addition to those I was making for De Neuville, and for some time my hands were very full. I daily had visitors to watch me at my work, as they said, and I made many pleasant acquaintances, such as Sir Valentine Chirol of the *Times*, Frederick Villiers of the *Graphic*, Frank Terrel, Captain (now General) "Keggie" Slade, Captain "Sugar" Candy, and many others. "Sugar" had come to Egypt to join the gendarmerie as a Major Bimbashi, and disdained my services as a designer of uniforms. He set to work to do this himself, and the result was thoroughly marvellous.

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He dressed his men in a sky-blue bernous with gold tassels, lined with orange satin, and a sky-blue uniform with so much gold lace plastered all over it that the effect was more than startling, not forgetting a gold sash, pouch-belt, and sabretache. When he attended one of Lord Dufferin's receptions, dressed for the first time in all his splendour, the Marquess could hardly believe his eyes, and calling "Sugar" to him, informed him that as the first object of the British occupation of Egypt was all-round retrenchment, and this included the army and gendarmerie, he was very sorry, but he must ask Major Candy to be a little less magnificent in the future. Poor "Sugar's" stay in Cairo was not a very long one. He was constantly getting into hot water one way or another, till at last he nearly killed a man who had insulted him, by throwing him over the balustrade of the Gizereh Bridge, a drop of some thirty or forty feet, luckily into water and not on to the shingle. After this, he was told he had better take six months' leave to let the affair blow over, but even then his bad luck would not leave him.

On the morning of his departure, when on the platform of the railway station, he suddenly saw walking before him a man with a tall hat, a thing for which he had a great dislike. He was already in a bad temper at having to leave in the

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middle of the season when all was at its best, but to be confronted with a "chimney-pot" in the Orient was too bad. So one bang, and he had covered most of the wearer's face. His victim happened to be the French Consul-General walking with Stone Pasha, late of the American Army and also Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. France wanted "Sugar's" blood for the affront, so poor Candy had to send in his resignation, and honour was satisfied.

That first season in Cairo under British occupation was one of the gayest ever seen since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, or the opening of the Suez Canal.

The first thing done by the British was to make a racecourse by Gizereh, and the first meeting there reminded one of Irish race meetings described by Lever and others. There were, of course, races for horses, ponies, galloways, and chargers from the army, and camel, donkey, and menagerie races. In the last, every animal obtainable was represented, from the mouse, snake, and scorpion, to the dromedary and ostrich. The handicappers had their hands full, and the races often ended disastrously for some of the animals, as for instance when a rabbit met a dog, a mouse was overtaken by a cat, or a snake was interfered with by a mongoose. Lord Charles Beresford could be seen riding an Arab winner

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in white flannels, or Colonel Adair coming in the winner in a donkey-race. The racecourse had no stands of any sort, and the track was only roped off. The ground was kept by British Tommies, and not a racing jacket was to be seen. Everybody rode in whatever get-up he chose, and the costumes were both varied and amusing.

Most of the cavalry was camped at Helouan, and there came a young subaltern to join his regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards. Close to the camp was the house of a Pasha, who had left the country and also his harem behind. Young William —, in his brand-new uniform, was often the cynosure of the ladies' eyes from the upper windows of the house. One day he confided to one of his brother-officers that one of the ladies had been making signs to him, and there was no mistake that to judge from her gestures she was in love with him. Late that evening, a black man, evidently one of the eunuchs from the house, presented a gold-edged, scented note to him, in which, in execrable French, the lady asked him to meet her in the garden, on the house steps, at midnight exactly, and to be sure to wear his prettiest uniform. Early in the evening he made excuses, pleading headache, and after adorning himself, proceeded to the house. He had to climb the eight-foot wall, well topped with broken bottles, greatly to the

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detriment of his overalls, and after falling on the other side into some cactus bushes, groped his way to the house.

There, sure enough, sat the princess, in cloak and yashmak. Seating himself beside her, his arm stole round her waist, and he began whispering in her ear sweet nothings, carefully selected from "French as she is spoke," begging for one glance of her beautiful face and eyes. But as she did not respond he tried a little force, and the lady jumped up and ran away shrieking. Instantly he was surrounded by a mob of demons, and—no matter what they did, but in the end he was a sadder sub. That night, under the costumes of the lady and the demons, were the mess-dresses of the 19th Hussars and the 7th Dragoon Guards. Poor Willie was, however, no fool. The first thing in the morning he asked his C.O. for leave, went to Cairo, and there told the story everywhere against himself, so when the others came to do so, it fell flat as stale news.

The ladies of the harem had, on that fateful day, left early for Cairo, so it was known to all but Willie that the house was empty.

CHAPTER IV

REMINISCENCES OF ROYALTY

MY first association with our Royal Family was in October 1882 when, as I have mentioned in the previous chapter, Lord Dufferin, then British High Commissioner for the pacification of Egypt, came to my rooms in Shephard's Hotel, Cairo, and informed me he had just received a telegram from Sir Henry Ponsonby, Keeper of H.M. Queen Victoria's Privy Purse, to command me to paint a picture of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and the Guards at Tel-el-Kebir. Of course it was a great honour for me, which I accepted with gratitude and pleasure. The Duke had been in command of the Guards' Brigade in the war against the rebellious Arabi Pasha and the mutinous Egyptian Army. The morning of the storming of Arabi's camp and the entrenchments, the Guards were kept in reserve and were about six hundred yards behind the storming force. Luckily, the Egyptian fire was rather high, and shells and bullets went screaming over their heads, yet the butcher's bill was quite heavy

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enough. Luckily the Duke escaped unhurt, and was greatly to be admired for his coolness and sang-froid under a heavy fire. I painted the picture, and it was hung by royal command in the Academy in 1884. When I showed it to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, the only criticism made by the Queen was, "But the Duke wore a beard in Egypt, so you must give him one." I had painted him without one, as he looked so unrecognisable with it.

It was shortly afterwards I met the Duke again at Windsor Castle. He had a water-colour drawing of mine representing a drummer in the Guards. "Look here, Mr. Woodville," he said, "you have made a mistake in the mounting of the braiding on this drummer's coat; the fringe on the side of the chest ought to run in this direction," indicating the line. "I am certain of it, for as a boy I wore the uniform, but I will show you what I mean," and turning to his A.D.C., he asked him to have the bugler of the Castle Guard sent up. The bugler came, and the Duke turning towards him said, "Now, Mr. Woodville, I will show you what I mean,"—and then, as he looked critically at the boy's uniform, he exclaimed, "By Jove, Mr. Woodville, you are right after all!"

I painted a great many pictures for Her Majesty. The most important one was the wedding of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice to H.H.

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Prince Henry of Battenberg. This wedding was a most charming affair, which took place in the quaint little church at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. In the afternoon, after the wedding, I grouped the various members of the Royal Family, who were photographed so as to help me in the picture I was commanded to paint. The picture took me some considerable time, as there were a great number of portraits to be inserted. I was on and off for about six weeks at Windsor Castle painting this picture, until the background of it looked like a tessellated pavement with the number of portraits. I painted in the White Drawing-room, and the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg came in and out all day to see how I was getting on. During my stay I saw many impressive scenes, theatrical performances and concerts as well as state ceremonies, but there was one scene I never shall forget, and which for dramatic effect could never be surpassed. One day I was commanded to be present at a piano recital by the late Abbé Liszt. The recital took place in the Red Drawing-room. There were present as audience only Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry, and myself. The Abbé was dressed in a black frock-coat suit with a white tie, and a gold chain suspended on his left breast, from which dangled the miniatures of his many Orders. The royal personages were

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all in black. The Abbé played Brahms' Hungarian Rhapsodies, and when he finished a piece, the Queen got up, went over to him at the piano and said a few kind words to him, such as our late Queen could do in a manner never to be equalled. The Abbé, who was, I believe, close on or over eighty, until then had sat doubled up at the piano engrossed upon his playing, but he rose, pulled himself erect with an obvious effort, and bowed low to the Queen's gracious remarks. The effect in colour was very fine, the four figures all dressed in sombre black and the crimson and gold of the decorations of the drawing-room. I need not say that the Abbé's playing was brilliant, and whenever I hear Brahms' "Sound Pictures" this scene comes back most vividly to my memory.

One of my pictures was the death of Sir Herbert Stewart on his way back from Metamneh, returning from the ill-fated Gordon Relief Expedition. He had been fatally wounded by a dervish bullet, and was carried on the shoulders of Egyptian and Nubian troops across the desert, only to die before he reached Korti on the Nile. This picture was exhibited under the title of "In Vain" in the Academy of 1886. I was just on the eve of leaving for a lengthened expedition in Morocco with the late Sir William Green, and I owed a large bill for furniture and decorations to a prominent house in Tottenham Court Road.

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A friend of mine, Sir William Ingram, happened to mention my journey to the head of the firm and suggested that he should take my picture in settlement of the bill. The suggestion was accepted, but before I was informed of it, I received a command to send my picture to Windsor, as the Queen desired to see it. I went to the Castle and showed it to Her Majesty, who admired it and desired to purchase it; my price was mentioned, and the purchase completed. On returning to London, I immediately wired to Sir William and asked him not to worry any more about the picture, as I would now prefer to pay cash to the firm instead. Greatly to my astonishment, the head of the firm refused now to part with the picture, and told Sir William that somehow or other he had found out where the picture was, and that he must have either it or the Queen's cheque, which was considerably larger than the bill I owed. Here was a dilemma, as I certainly didn't like this firm making so large a profit as they would have done if I had handed them the cheque. I thought it out, and went again by an early train to Windsor, saw Sir Henry Ponsonby and explained the whole matter to him. He immediately went to see the Queen, and on returning to his office said the Queen wanted to see me. I went upstairs and related the ins and outs of the matter to her. The Queen listened attentively,

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and laughed very heartily and said, "Evidently the picture belongs to Messrs. —, so they of course must have it. Will you paint us a replica of it of the same size and at the same price?" This settled the matter very satisfactorily for me: the firm had the picture, I painted the subject again, and all were delighted. The first picture was hung in the country house of its owner and became one of his most treasured possessions, and he never failed to take his guests up to it with the words, "This is the picture I wouldn't let the Queen have."

On my return from Morocco the following year, it was the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's reign. I arrived in England the day before the Jubilee Review of the Fleet off Spithead, and as I very much desired to see it I went by the earliest train to Cowes, and at once went to Osborne House and sent my card to General Sir Henry Ponsonby. Sir Henry was one of the most charming and courteous of men; he saw me at once, and inquired what he could do for me. I told him that I wished, if possible, to see the review from Her Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert*. "Oh," he said, "this is unfortunate; all the tickets are out, and it is too late now for me to see the Queen, as she will be going on board very shortly. But wait a little—on second thoughts, I might perhaps manage it

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through Prince Henry of Battenberg." He returned shortly, and said he was glad to say it was all right. Prince Henry had seen the Queen, and I was to see the review from the bridge of the *Victoria and Albert*. When I arrived there, I found myself in the midst of nearly the whole Royal Family and many relations and guests who had come from abroad. I saw there also many great and important personages, diplomatic and military. And on the quarter-deck below, I saw Her Majesty, with Queen Alexandra and Princess Beatrice; all the other members of our Royal Family were on the bridge. There was the late Emperor Frederick and the late Empress, and many princes and princesses. I had been making a few notes in my sketch-book, and also a caricature of two of the German officers of high rank, when the Empress Frederick came up to me and desired to see my sketch-book. When she came to the caricatures she recognised them at once, showed them to her husband, and went along and showed them to the originals, who one and all laughed heartily. After that, I saw nothing more of the review, as the Empress then occupied all my time in drawing and caricaturing many of the company on board, and tore many pages from my book to keep as souvenirs in her album.

I painted the equestrian portrait of H.M.

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King Edward VII. in the first instance from photographs and from models dressed in the King's uniform. When it was well advanced, it went to Marlborough House for sittings. The King was very pleased with it, until he examined his legs. "Oh, Mr. Woodville," he said, "what a pair of magnificent legs you have given me! These are simply splendid. But now look at my short ones. You will have to make these much shorter." I pointed out that in some of his photographs they appeared quite as long as I had painted them; but nothing would convince him: a piece had to come off, and it did. He was also very particular that he should in no way be flattered, but painted exactly as he was, especially as to the grey in his hair and beard. While he gave me sittings, I asked if we should have war with the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. "Nothing of the kind," he said, "all will fizzle out; and if war should break out, of which I don't think there is the slightest possibility, fifty thousand men will go over the whole of South Africa like the proverbial steam roller." "Well," I said to him, "do you know, sir, that it might not be quite so easy, considering that Kruger alone has bought for his army sixty thousand Mauser rifles and sufficient ammunition to last at the wildest expenditure for two years, besides



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H.M. KING EDWARD VII.

From a painting by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

[Henry Graves & Co.



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guns and Maxims." "And how do you know that?" was his question, with an astonished look on his face. I then explained to him that a great friend of mine was a certain Mr. —, a Director of — & Co., and also Director of the —, which manufactures rifles for the German Government. Mr. — was sent for by the War Office the next morning and interrogated, so the authorities for the first time knew the truth of the Boer armaments. Within two or three months the Boer War broke out.

I had one of the latest pattern of Mauser rifles presented to me by —, and shortly after this incident of secret information supplied, received the honour of a visit from our present King, then Duke of York. I showed him the rifle and its mechanism, and expressed an opinion that it was superior to the Lee Metford or Lee Enfield, our rifles. I also had a very talkative parrot which did not always use exactly polite language. The Duke examined the two rifles carefully and at last expressed an opinion that he thought our rifle better or at any rate as good, when a voice came from behind his back with the rude remark, "Rats!" It was my parrot. The Duke wheeled round. "Who said that?" he asked, and the bird again repeated, "Rats! Rats!"

One night I had dined with H.R.H. the late Duke of Cambridge and Christopher Sykes, when

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in the smoking-room after dinner, the Duke sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, dropped off to sleep. Sykes and I continued our conversation, when at something he said to me I burst into laughter. This woke the Duke with a start, and he said, "Christopher, have I snored?" "I have had the honour to hear your Royal Highness sleep well," he replied. This reminds me how when Colonel North had once been staying with the late King of the Belgians, and returned full of the kind way in which the King had received him, he said, "Every day after dinner there was me and the King telling each other stories of when we were boys, and afterwards me and the King would have a snooze together; I assure you I was quite at home there."

Years ago I stayed for a time in Austria, and while there painted an equestrian portrait of one of the archdukes, who told me he could not afford to pay me for it, but would send me a good present. The portrait was finished and duly delivered. Four months later a huge case arrived, with an aroma that shook the house. When opened, it contained about twenty pounds of Mondseer Schachtel Käse, a cheese something akin to Limburger. As I was a bachelor at the time, it would have been in a state, before I could have consumed one-sixth of it, which would have caused the sanitary authorities to interfere, and certainly have

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banished me for ever from villa and village. So it was committed to the depths of the Attersee. Shortly afterwards I was invited to a shoot with the Emperor Francis Joseph in the Hell Mountains (Höllen Gebirge) by Ischl. During a conversation I had with His Majesty before the shoot, I happened to mention the cheese affair to the Emperor, who had seen the portrait and expressed his great approval of it. He was very annoyed at it, and said he would see that I received this time a present worth having. Another six months elapsed, and then arrived another case. This time it contained an old British dragoon helmet picked up in the Crimea.

The way the Emperor goes about in Ischl would astonish some of my countrymen. His leather Tyrolese breeches and jacket are much the worse for wear, and he will use the ordinary cab, or stroll into a beer-house and order a jug of beer and chat with the landlord. One day he had the Emperor William I. as a guest, and while walking with him after a shoot in the mountains towards Ischl, overtook a Bohemian pedlar trudging with his pack. The Emperor Francis Joseph hung behind and talked to him and made him a present of money. Then he said, pointing to the Emperor William, "Do you know who that is?" "No," said the pedlar, who had not even recognised Francis Joseph. "That," said the latter, "is the

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German Emperor." "Oh yes, of course," said the pedlar; "and of course you are the Emperor of Austria," which was naturally acknowledged. Shortly after, they passed a small inn where the pedlar hoped to do some trade and to ease himself of his heavy pack. "Do you see that lunatic, walking along there?" he said to the landlord who had just appeared in the inn door, pointing to the retreating figure of the Emperor. "He says that his friend is the German Emperor and that he is the Emperor of Austria. Ah! you can't get the better of me—no, that you can't!"

On my return from Austria, I painted for the Queen the religious service in the ruins of Gordon's palace in Khartoum after the Omdurman campaign. The three clergymen were dressed in ordinary Thomas Atkins khaki, and the Queen evidently expected to see them dressed in white surplice and vestments. "But, Mr. Woodville, you have forgotten the clergymen?" I then explained that their clerical garments had been left behind, and pointed them out and said who they were. One was Father Brindle, now Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, who received the present Queen of Spain into the Roman Catholic Church, and a better and braver man there never was. All the Tommies loved him when he was an army chaplain. It was he who carried the Tommies

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out of their quarters in his arms, placed them in the ambulance to convey them to the hospital when nobody else would come near them, as the cholera was raging and the men were dying like flies, and even many of the doctors themselves had died. When I asked him how it was he never caught it himself, he replied he never ate anything that was not freshly cooked, and always put plenty of brandy into the water before he drank it.

It is a curious thing how little the English public care for military pictures ; there are hardly any in our public or private galleries. And as for the Army, they would much rather hang the latest Gaiety actress in their mess than the finest episode of their regimental history. After a war such as ours in South Africa, if it had been fought by the French or the Germans, one would have seen miles of canvas covered with the brave deeds done by their soldiers, to teach the heroic history of the army to the future generations and inoculate them with the spirit of the defence of their country. My picture, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," was purchased by Princess Beatrice of Battenberg on behalf of H.M. the Queen of Spain as a birthday present to the King of Spain, as he, when in London, had greatly admired it, and the very next year she bought my picture of "Waterloo" for a similar

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purpose and reason. They now are both hung in the royal palace in Madrid. I painted a few years ago a picture illustrating Robert Browning's poem of "An Incident in the French Camp," where a young officer mortally wounded brings to Napoleon the report of the fall of Ratisbon, and having delivered his message falls dead. The picture was purchased by the late Admiral Montgomery. The late King Edward admired it so much on board the Admiral's ship that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra commanded me to paint a replica, which she presented to the King on his birthday. I dislike very much painting replicas, but I could, if I had desired it, have accepted two more commissions to paint the picture, both curiously enough from foreigners, neither of whom were Frenchmen; but after painting the one in the late King's possession, I thought there ought to be no other done. It is an odd thing that most of my pictures should have gone abroad. One, "The Dawn of Majuba" (the surrender of Cronje), hangs in the Museum in Toronto; another large one is in possession of Wanamaker in Philadelphia; another of Napoleon crossing the Beresina is now in Buenos Ayres; but very few in our own public galleries.

One of the saddest pictures I had to paint was an equestrian portrait of the late Emperor

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Frederick in the handsome white uniform of the Garde du Corps of the German Army, with the magnificent golden helmet crowned by a silver eagle. It was shortly after his death, and the Empress Frederick was very particular about the colour and shape of his eyes. She wore a bracelet with a miniature of his eye painted on ivory in a medallion upon it, and stood beside me the whole time holding the bracelet so that I should see it in its best light and not miss any of the details. The last picture I have painted is a portrait of our present King dressed in field-marshal uniform, with a coronation mantle hanging from his shoulder. It is surprising how very great the knowledge of all of the Royalties is about art; their criticism of any picture of mine has been always just, fair, and correct. They all possess a marked talent for drawing and painting, and Princess Louise especially would have been a fine artist, and successful from a financial point of view, if born in another sphere. The knowledge about painting and art which the late Queen Victoria possessed was very amazing indeed.

CHAPTER V

SOME PICTURES I HAVE PAINTED

THE first picture I exhibited in the Royal Academy was in 1879, "The Evening before Leuthen," founded on a passage from Carlyle's *Life of Frederick the Great*: "That night Frederick rode into camp, where the regiments were drawn up ready to march on the morrow; the first regiment he came to was the Life Guards Cuirassiers. 'Good-evening, children,' he called, 'to-morrow we beat the Austrians.'" Tom Taylor, then art critic to the *Times*, took the trouble to look up Adolph Mentzel's book of *Die Armee Frederichs des Grossen*, and then said many flattering things about me in the *Times* in his criticism, and pronounced the picture, in the words of Marshal Lebœuf, "complete to the last button on the gaiter." My next picture was "The Taking of Gandi Mullah Sahibdad" at the second battle of Kandahar. My first was a highly finished picture with crowds of comparatively small figures; this second one I painted with fewer and larger figures, much broader in

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the brushwork and in its execution, so as not to hamper the movement and to give an idea of the rush of the men. This drew down upon me a furious criticism by George Augustus Sala, who found fault with me for painting with what he called "slap dash" when I was so young an artist. One of the next pictures I painted was "Saving the Guns at Maiwand" at the first battle of Kandahar. This I painted with a smashed ankle, with an open wound right through it, seated sideways on a dining-room table, my leg extended and my body turned to the left, in an excruciatingly tiring position. This canvas is now in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool.

I once painted a picture of a wedding ceremony, and a very near relation who had just joined "the Club," and therefore owing to his bankruptcy had not been asked to the feast, came to see it. Looking at the picture intently, he said, with a sigh, "Ah, Mr. Woodville, you have there a very disagreeable work in hand; it is awful for you, they are such an ugly family." A very good story is told of a French portrait painter of great renown, who had just finished a picture of an American multi-millionairess. She was very dissatisfied indeed with it when it was finished, and expressed herself to that effect. "How is it, M. D——, that you painted the

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Duchesse de — so beautifully? Look at my picture.” “Ah,” replied the artist, with a far-away look, “she has been in my arms!”

The longest time I ever put in at one stretch to finish a picture for the sending-in day at the Royal Academy was when I painted “The Charge of the Light Brigade.” After having been hard at it for a week or two, towards the end of the time I finished up by starting to paint on a Saturday at 7.30 a.m. and painting without stopping till 2.30 a.m. Sunday morning, then after five hours’ sleep, I was at it again at 7.30 Sunday morning, never stopping until 7.30 Monday night, when the van arrived and took my picture to Burlington House. Then, after a short dinner, stalls for two at the theatre and a supper at the Savoy, returning home to sleep round the clock, the sleep of well-earned rest.

I once painted a large water-colour in the gardens of the Mamonia Palace of Morocco City, and I received many visits constantly from Moors. One day Sidi Garnit, the Grand Vizier, came to visit me and see the picture. The subject was a modern Moorish study. “Ah,” he said, “are you not afraid to paint so many human figures, when you have to put a soul in all of them?” It is the Mohammedan belief that this is necessary before entering Paradise.

I painted in Mysore the equestrian portrait life-



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THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY P. CATON WOODVILLE.

[*Henry Graves & Co.*]

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size of H.H. the Maharajah. I lived in the Residency as the guest of the State, had a most splendid *chef de cuisine*, servants, horses and carriages, and was at liberty to give as many parties, dinners, or luncheons as I desired. It seemed from the menus that were provided, the luxuries in and out of season which one thought hardly obtainable in India, as well as from the magnificent brands of champagnes and other wines, that their only regret was that they could not do more for me. Daily at noon an A.D.C. would call to inquire if I desired a band to play during dinner, and the performance of the musicians was distinctly as good as could be desired. The Maharajah himself was a musician above the average, and his compositions, both European and native, as good as those of many a professional musician of high standing. Every morning His Highness would call for me about six o'clock on his drag, built in his own palace workshops, and take me for an early airing. These drives were immensely exhilarating, as the surroundings of Mysore City are in some places very beautiful, and it was a most wonderful sight to see the thousands of women and children bathing in the large tanks by the city, with not a single bathing dress amongst them all. Some of the young girls and children were really exquisite, and looked like dainty bronze

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statues in their innocent ignorance of any immodesty.

After our drive, he would give me a sitting, and his conversation during this was very interesting, as he was exceedingly well read, and he told me many a curious story about native life. He himself was an extraordinary mixture of European and native customs. His education and up-bringing had been entirely on English lines ; his tutor was the late Colonel Williams, a man well known in the State of Mysore and Southern India. The Maharajah's palace in his capital was a most interesting place, with its ancient interiors, and the beautiful native carvings and gorgeous silver chased work that covered its walls. One of its rooms, though, was a curiosity. In it were no fewer than five orchestrions, in which His Highness delighted, and used to set going all at once for the edification of his native visitors. The noise in a room of about sixty feet by thirty was something terrific, and from the contented sighs and expressions on the faces of the benighted and pleasantly astonished natives the entertainment was something worth hearing. He went in for every new invention, and his palaces both in Mysore and Bangalore were lit by electricity, while on the summit of the Mysore palace a powerful searchlight played nightly on the city and its surroundings. The most extraordinary curiosities in his palace were

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the portraits painted by native artists ; they were for all the world like some of those discovered in the ancient remains of cities in Greece, Arabia, and Egypt.

The palace in Bangalore is built in Gothic style, and looks with its rough-hewn granite walls like a miniature Windsor Castle. Its interior is like a thorough Early Victorian, tasteless, English country mansion, and but for the native servants it would be easy to fancy oneself in this country. The walls in its better rooms are covered with modern engravings, etchings or mezzotints ; its furniture most likely came from Tottenham Court Road and the carpets from Axminster ; and, horror of horrors, many of the corridors and smaller rooms were embellished by that delight of our grandfathers, the oleograph in all its crude beastliness. No doubt had the Maharajah ever visited Europe, with his keen perception and the ease with which he acquired knowledge of every innovation or invention, he would soon have succeeded in making his homes really beautiful. But it is sad that the Indian should despise his beautiful native arts, and always hanker after becoming Europeanised and filling his houses with the rubbish of the Early Victorian era, with its hideous green and red rep couches and chairs, mottled walnut oval tables and horse-hair sofas, with perhaps an ormolu clock under a

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glass globe on a stand, or a piano with its never-to-be-forgotten fretwork front, backed by accordion-pleated green silk. At last my picture was finished, and the Maharajah spent hours looking at it, and he repeated to me again and again how satisfied he was with it, and declared it should not be buried in his palaces, but should be hung in the Mysore Museum, so that every one of his subjects could see it. He departed this life much regretted. He was a good chap. *Requiescat in pace!*

From Mysore I went to Hyderabad in the Deccan, to paint another life-size equestrian portrait of H.H. the Nizam. Arrived there, I became by His Highness's command the guest of his Commander-in-Chief, the Nawab Afzur Yung Bahadur el Mulk, in his charming villa in the fort of Golconda, where Nadir Shah's nine millions lie buried in the ruins of the castle he blew up. Here often the Nizam drove out to me to give me sittings. His desire was to be painted without any trappings or followers, simply as a plain gentleman. He too has departed, when still a young man. He was a curious man in many ways, and very difficult to get to make up his mind. A photographer was once sent for from Calcutta to Hyderabad to take His Highness's portrait. His fee besides travelling expenses was five-and-twenty pounds per day. He

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stayed eighty-two days, and so received over two thousand pounds for a few sittings. One day a supply of a few dozen suits of clothes arrived for the Nizam from Calcutta. Amongst them was one of a very choice and what the Yankees call "tony" pattern and colour. He at once gave orders that all the rest of the material should be made up for him into suits, to prevent anybody else-possessing that material. In due time they arrived, seventy-two suits, all absolutely alike in cut. One day he found that a large accumulation of gold was in his treasury, so he had the whole lot cast into ingots and built up under his bed. He slept nightly, therefore, on about two millions of gold. It is a curious thing that most Indian nobles refuse to bank their money and prefer to keep it in their palaces in hard cash. When the late Gaekwar of Baroda died, although he borrowed two millions from the Indian Government, at seven per cent., to build the Baroda State Railway, over nine millions were left by him in his treasury. Of course with Mohammedans it is against their religion to take interest on money, and therefore they seldom believe in banking theirs. All the Nizam's accounts were paid by letter through King & Co., Bombay, and the hard cash then sent to pay the amount advanced by that bank.

In course of time I finished the Nizam's

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portrait, greatly, I am pleased to say, to his satisfaction. After delivery of the picture, I received a visit from Sir Asman Jah Bahadur, then Prime Minister of Hyderabad. He said that he had seen the Nizam's portrait and admired it very much, and desired me to paint him at the same price and same size. Now, when I had finished the Nizam's portrait, I asked one of the high officials what I should charge for it. He asked what price I would receive for such a picture in England, so when I named a much higher figure than I should probably have received, he said, "Charge him double, or he won't think much of it." I was paid this without a question and in Bank of England notes.

There was another high noble in Hyderabad, the Nawab Jallab Yung, a very rich Arab chief, whose ancestor came from Muscat with Arab mercenaries and settled in the Deccan. He paid me a visit, with the request that I would paint his portrait. He said, "I like your pictures, but not your price ; you will perhaps, for me, paint one for less." I said that it was quite impossible to make one price for the Nizam and others and another for him, and it would not be fair to his dignity. He said, "All right, I will think about it ; come and lunch with me to-morrow." I went the next day to his house in Hyderabad. He was just dismissing his ragamuffin army, consisting of some

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two hundred infantry, armed with old muskets mostly without locks, about thirty Lancers on worn-out nags, and three guns, two of them make-believe ones made of wood. After he had wished the lot good-bye, with a few bad words, he took me into his reception hall. This was a most extraordinary place, filled with all sorts of furniture, several orchestrions, pianos, piano-organs, and mechanical toys like singing birds under glass globes. The ceiling was packed with one mass of chandeliers of every shape and size. But the most extraordinary thing of all was a number of figures of men and women dressed in the garb of the early seventies, such as one still sees outside tailors' shops in out-of-the-way country towns. These Jallab Yung had bought at Whiteley's, where he seemed to have spent his days, when on a visit to this country, forty years ago. Whiteley's to him was a Paradise, and he must have spent a fortune in buying all manner of rubbish that he treasured and hoarded up. He also had in one corner of his drawing-room a patent cooking stove and a barrel organ of the regular good old style with several notes gone. Nevertheless, it pleased him just the same.

After a while, lunch was announced, and we went into his dining-room, a plain, whitewashed apartment, without sideboard or ornaments, and even without window curtains. We were a com-

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pany of about sixteen, I being the only Englishman present. The lunch was distinctly good, and of very great variety. His chef had provided all the luxuries in and out of season. I can eat hot dishes—I mean thereby peppery hotness—with anybody, but some of these absolutely brought me to a standstill. The curries were distinctly infernal, but the side-dishes must have belonged to the chamber of horrors of the lower regions. However, there was plenty of Pommery and Greno and Veuve Clicquot of the best vintages and well iced. When the lunch came to an end, Jellab turned to me and said, "Now let us talk about the picture. You will paint it for me a little less, say half?" I replied that I could not alter my mind and that the price must remain the same for him as for His Highness. "Ah," he said, with a deep sigh, "my heart desires it, but my pocket does not." Then turning to his head man he said, "No more champagne, put it all away." Getting up, he shook hands and said that he was getting old and could not do without his siesta, so he wished me a curt good-bye.

During lunch a curious incident happened. One of his gardeners came into the room carrying in his hand three dead cobras, killed in the garden. Jallab carefully examined them, then cut a piece of the skin off the back with one of his table knives, paid the man his reward, a

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few annas, and calmly went on eating, using the same knife. The last time I met Jallab was on the road to Secunderabad, seated in his barouche, a very smart affair, well horsed with a pair of well-shaped brown "walers," and surrounded by his disreputable escort of Lancers. He was haggling with a man, whom he had stopped on the road, over the price of a couple of planks that the man was carrying, and that he thought might come in useful in a house that he was building near Secunderabad. He was just on his way to inspect the progress of the work, and so, when he had come to terms, the planks were placed across the barouche in front, and the cavalcade went on its way, to add another bit to the House that Jallab built.

I painted, amongst others, the portrait of a Parsee lady, one of the "have beens," and then of doubtful age, but in her own opinion not too old to love. It amused me immensely to see the way the lady made eyes at me all through the work, and often she asked me what I was smiling about. How could I tell her? After a few days, she began making me presents, at first of no great price, but gradually increasing in value. At last the picture was finished, and when I assured her that no more sittings were required, she got up and gave me a look of fury that I shall never forget. She left me without a word, and no

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doubt would have taken her presents too, if they had been lying about. She sent me the price agreed upon for the portrait, in a large bag full of the most extraordinary collection of silver money that must have taken a considerable time to procure in the bazaar. It reminds me of a story told me by the late Carlo Pelegrini, "Ape" of *Vanity Fair* cartoon fame. A lady had been sitting to him for her portrait for some time, when one day she said to the "Ape," "Look here, Signor Pelegrini, I have sat to you now for some days and you have not even kissed me." "Madame, what do you take me for?" replied Carlo. "I am a bachelor."

CHAPTER VI

TO INDIA WITH THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE

IN October 1889 I accompanied H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, to India. I went overland to Marseilles, and made a short stay in Paris. On this trip it was strictly forbidden that any correspondents or special artists should accompany the party, but I got permission to form one of the Prince's suite in my capacity as an officer of yeomanry, being then in the Royal North Devon Hussars. I had a very nice time for a couple of days in Paris, where the Exhibition was in full swing. I met the late M. Edouard Detaille for the first time, and he took me round the town, so to say, and showed me all the lions of which Paris was then full. MM. Detaille and Meissonier and A. de Neuville were the foremost of French military painters, and their pictures have never been equalled anywhere else. The time was only too short, and my steamer due, so off I went to Marseilles, with its Château d'If.

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On board there was a most curious mixture. Apart from the party of His Royal Highness, there were many who had paid high prices for the privilege of accompanying a royal Prince. But there were also many outside his party whose acquaintance it was really a great treat to make. There was Colonel Charles Marshall, one of the most amusing of men, and he helped enormously to shorten the journey. In the Prince's party there were Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Captain Holford, Captain the Hon. Sidney Greville and Mrs. Greville, Sir Edward Bradford, and Captain Harvey of the 13th Hussars. The journey across the Mediterranean to Port Said was not very amusing, as we had not settled down and got to know all our fellow-passengers, and shortly after leaving Marseilles very bad weather set in and many a place at the tables remained empty. The weather did not clear up until we had reached Port Said and, after the usual coaling, entered the Canal. On reaching Ismailia we received a visit on board from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had come to wish his son farewell, and I suppose give him a few words of fatherly advice.

When we got into the Red Sea everybody, of course, appeared again, and then the best part of the sea journey began. We had a sweepstake at which the daily run of the ship

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was sold, and Colonel Marshall, dressed as a bookmaker, with a grey top-hat set jauntily on one ear, a pair of field-glasses slung over his shoulders, a light grey frock-coat, with his martial moustache and goatee, slightly greying then, tried his best to look the real "six to one bar one" as he auctioned the numbers. We had the usual dances and concerts, but nothing happened except a scene between a lady who was an old Indian hand returning to her husband up country, and a red-faced jocular Major, who picked up a string of pearls, when she was displaying her accumulation of jewellery to some admiring globe-trotters, and asked, "Who gave you this, and what for?" The lady ran to the captain and fainted in his arms, or it looked like it, and the poor Major was always referred to as "that brute" by the lady for the rest of the journey. After that, it came to pass that we more or less began to know each other and whom to avoid, and life became bearable.

There was a very romantic young lady on board with an Italian name and a mandolin, and there was a "Nawab" (?) Ali Khan on board, who had been an undergraduate at Oxford, and had figured in Bayswater society as an Indian prince. The "Nawab," as she called him, made violent love to the lady, and the lady responded, and dreamed of being a princess and helpmate

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to the ruler of a state. When I remonstrated with him one evening for carrying on so openly, he said it was his hot Oriental blood and his great admiration for the "beautiful English ladies," and vowed that if he could not marry this lady, although he was very young yet (about twenty, and the lady was, her friends said, about thirty-two), he would always remain in single blessedness. At that moment Colonel Marshall came up and said, "Well, well, what's all this about?" On being told, he looked down at the "Nawab" and said, "Why, you little blackguard, you have already two wives and three children." He added that he would request his respected father to keep him behind his grocer's counter on reaching Hyderabad. It is shameful how many young English girls are misled by these Indian students who come over here with lies about their nobility and riches, and are persuaded to throw their lot in with these men, only to learn on reaching India and their "husband's" home, how shamefully they have been hoodwinked. The wives of the man into whose zenana they are forced, or the husband himself when tired of them, soon put them out of their way, mostly by doses of finely chopped bamboo in their food, which causes them to die in the greatest agony. The life of English girls who marry natives is seldom longer than two or three years after reaching India.

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We reached Bombay only too soon, and the reception of Prince Albert Victor was very fine, with all its Oriental splendour. We had two days there, and enjoyed our stay. The Yacht Club at Bombay on the Apollo Bund is one of the most charming places in India ; the dances are delightful, and the dinners equal those at the Savoy, the Carlton, or the Ritz. It is beautifully situated facing the sea, and reminds one of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club at Cowes, only more so. After leaving Bombay, we proceeded to Poona to be the guests of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, then Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency. Here we witnessed our first review of Indian troops, and very fine it was. Nobody knows what England's power means until he has seen India. Our splendid Indian soldiers are the envy of every nation ; the roads of the empire are unequalled, and its public buildings are magnificent. I must pay the greatest thanks to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess for all the kindness that I received at their hands and the gracious way they showed and explained to me everything of interest. There was a dinner and ball given at Government House by Lord Harris, then Governor-General of the Bombay Presidency, with a torchlight procession and military tattoo afterwards. The scene in the grounds was very fine. During the tattoo the

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massed bands played the Prussian "Zapfenschreich"; and the varied uniforms of English and Indian soldiers, with here and there the native dress of Mahratta chiefs and others, not forgetting, of course, our beautiful ladies, made up a scene never to be forgotten.

The next day we started for Hyderabad, in the Deccan, to be the guests of the Nizam. At the station I saw a funny scene between a pompous Chief Commissioner-General in a gorgeous uniform and looking like a field marshal, and a sub. in a cavalry regiment, the latter having run into the Chief Commissioner-General's bread-basket in his hurry to jump into the Nizam's special. "Damn you, sir! I'll have you placed under arrest, sir. Who are you? What's your name? Do you know who I am, sir? No? Then damn you, sir, I'll tell you. I am Her Majesty the Empress of India's Chief Commissioner-General for —, Sir — —, K.C.S.I., C.B.!" Here he nearly "bust," and stopped for want of breath. The sub. put up his eyeglass, looked at the Chief Commissioner-General, and said, "Look here, old man, a damned good berth; I should advise you to stick to it." He jumped into the train, the whistle blew, and off we went on our way to Hyderabad in H.H. the Nizam's most glorious private train, to sit down to a capital dinner, and discuss the best stories with a whisky panee

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well iced and the best of cigars, until late at night.

We reached Hyderabad late next day, and the Prince and most of the suite went to the Residency. I was put up at the house of the Nawab Afzur Yung Bahadur, the Nizam's Commander-in-Chief. He was then an honorary colonel in the British Army, and one of the most cultivated and charming gentlemen one could wish to meet, and a mighty hunter before the Lord. His house was furnished and conducted altogether in the English way; his horses, carriages, coaches, guns, dogs, etc., were all "English, you know, quite English." He spoke English thoroughly, looked and dressed like an Englishman, and his sentiments and ideas followed suit. The stay in his house was most pleasant to me, and he did everything a cultured gentleman could do to make it so.

The next day we went to a magnificent dinner-party in the palace. The dinner was served on a service of solid gold, and the scene was one of magnificent Oriental splendour. Everybody was, of course, in full dress, but the company was decidedly mixed, as everybody who was anybody, English, native, or Eurasian, from Hyderabad, Sifabad, or Secunderabad, was present to the tune of two or three thousand. Where they all were dined, goodness knows, but there they were, and a good many had brought not only their wives

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but even small children. After dinner there was a most magnificent display of fireworks, which, although made in the palace, cost the Nizam, I was told, eighteen thousand pounds, not rupees. Rockets went up by thousands, and I saw some extraordinary arrangements and combinations, such as I have never seen before or since.

Here I met, for the first time, the Nawab Jallab Yung, some of whose peculiarities I described in the last chapter. He was one of the foremost nobles and the most exalted Arab chief in Hyderabad, a very rich man and a great character in his way. He kept a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery of his own, and a more blackguard, ragged lot of scoundrels armed with every kind of weapon of use or not, one could hardly hope to see. The only duty they had was to parade in the Nawab's courtyard every morning when he came out of his zenana, and somehow or other present arms, when the Nawab would wish them "Salaam Aleikum," and, with a few discreditable suggestions about the virtue of their mothers and honesty of their fathers, advise them to go home and try that no more than usual disgraceful reports about them should reach his ears. The Nizam then had three regiments of Arabs, which are now, one is thank-

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ful to say, disbanded ; for greater thieves, scoundrels, and ruffians never existed. These Arabs have for centuries been imported into Hyderabad from Muscat, but that has all been stopped now by the Indian Government.

The next day we all rode out to Golconda to witness a review of the Nizam's army, some thirty thousand strong, and some of the troops were really very well drilled and made an excellent appearance. The Nizam's Life Guards of negro cavalry were by a long way the most undisciplined of the lot, and their bearing was disgraceful. The best of the troop was the celebrated Golconda Brigade, the Nawab Afzur Yung's own drilled body of troops, consisting of two infantry and two cavalry regiments. The artillery of the whole army consisted only of bullock batteries, but they went by very creditably. Nearly all of this army has been now disbanded, the Arabs shipped back home, and the Golconda Brigade transformed into Indian Imperial Service troops under British officers. After the review, we rode to the celebrated Golconda Fort, where Nadir Shah's millions are buried, for a lunch picnic. It is an absolute fact that large finds of gold are frequently made there, when building operations that require excavations take place, and a month before our visit, when Afzur Yung was building his cavalry lines, they

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came upon eighteen thousand gold mohurs, some four hundred years old.

Our picnic was a failure, as a swarm of bees had settled upon the banquet, and we had to go to Afzur Yung's beautiful villa and take pot luck, which was by no means to be despised, and almost as good as if prepared in advance. It is perfectly marvellous how quickly these Indian cooks and servants can prepare and arrange a well-cooked and well-served dinner, where European servants would first sit down and think, and then begin to hum and ha, and declare they were very badly treated to be expected to work at all. We left next day for Mysore in the State of that name, taking Madras on our way, but only staying a day. The society of Madras in ordinary times is not a very great one, and I don't think that one could find amongst the English element even seventy or eighty desirable beauties, fairly young in years and looks. Yet there was once upon a time, in the good old days, a Governor-General against whom his wife, during a short tenure of office, I think two years, discovered absolute proof that would have given her in the Divorce Court twenty-nine interveners, including an ayah. This Indian climate is so very trying and curry so hot.

We reached Mysore City, past Bangalore with its British garrison and the Maharajah's palace, a

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copy of Windsor Castle, past Seringapatam with its Juggernaut cars and prisons now all in ruins, where Tippoo Sultan once misruled and found his death, and reached Mysore, to my mind one of the prettiest cities in Southern India, well laid out, well watered, and with beautiful surroundings. Of course, here again there was a state dinner, ball and review, and the usual sight-seeing. The ancient palace of the Maharajah is most interesting. Its throne-room has the walls and doors all covered with solid heavy silver plates as panelling, but over the subjects of the panels, as over those on the Juggernaut cars, we will throw a veil. A great number of photographs of these were once seized by the London police, and when placed before the Magistrate in Court, he said, putting up his glasses to see the delicate details, "Dear, dear, how very sad! You had better have them sent to my house, Inspector, so that I can go through them at my leisure."

There are two Residencies at Mysore, the Upper and the Lower. The Lower is a fine building of "good old John Company's" days. I never have seen a place so infested by snakes of all kinds as the compound and grounds of this place were. Any morning while taking a stroll one could see or kill a cobra or two. One morning, while walking out, I saw some water-carriers pointing excitedly at something, and on walking up I saw

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a cobra of about three feet in length with its hood extended, dancing furiously round a puff-adder, which was the largest I have ever seen, as it measured six feet seven inches and was as thick as a man's biceps. It was handsomely marked with rich brown spots on a pale green-blue ground. The puff-adder is slow in its movements, but the cobra very agile, and somehow or other the first must have trodden upon the other's tail. I need not say we dispatched them both. I skinned them, but the puff-adder possessed a most curious sickly smell with a dash of musk in it that clung to my hands for days, although I tried to rid myself of it by washing them in strong carbolic lotion. This had happened before to me in Morocco, and seems peculiar to this snake.

During the Race Week this compound is covered with tents, and a lively week it is. The characters that have been lost here, so the *chronique scandaleuse* tells us, would cover pages. The late Maharajah was a most charming man, a Hindoo of course, but educated in the English style and thoroughly well read in all our authors and historical works. He was a clever man in many ways. He composed music both European and native, he built a theatre in his palace with all the latest appliances although he had never seen or been in one, superintended the painting of its scenery and wrote its plays in European

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style, and was his own stage manager and musical conductor. He had a circus of his own, with a performing elephant that had been a pack-elephant in the siege of Seringapatam, and therefore was about one hundred and forty years old. The Maharajah desired a coach a few years before, but the coach-builders from Calcutta asked such an outrageous price that he decided to build one himself in the palace workshops, where never a donkey-cart had even been built. He had the Calcutta firm's design from their catalogue enlarged life-size upon the wall, and the result was a coach of better finish, superior material, and greater artistry than could be turned out in Long Acre. The only things that he imported, though they might have been easily made there, were the lamps and door-handles. Then I accompanied the Prince to a hunt and Khedah operation, or wild elephant capturing hunt, in the Shamnaraggar Hills, under the late Mr. Sanderson, who was one of the best and very keenest sportsmen and the superintendent of the Government Khedah. On our return I said good-bye to His Royal Highness with the greatest regret. He departed for Calcutta and Burmah, and I remained behind to paint a life-size equestrian portrait of the Maharajah, which I thought preferable to sight-seeing.

CHAPTER VII

SPORT IN INDIA

DURING my stay in India the first sport I saw was hunting black buck with the cheetah. It was on the preserves of the Nizam of Hyderabad, in the Deccan. I was staying at the time with that most charming of men, the Nawab Afzur Yung Bahadur ul Mulk, the Nizam's Commander-in-Chief. We rode out from Sifabad through the old city of Hyderabad, past the racecourse, and a few miles beyond came to the Nizam's deer park. As we rode on to the ground we put up out of a hole a fine big wolf, but as we had no guns or dogs with us he got away. A few hundred yards farther on we came up with the shikaris, and on a flat bullock cart lay the cheetah fastened to the boards, with his eyes bandaged. We made a start at once, and about a mile farther on saw a herd of black buck in the distance. The man and cart made as if they were going past the herd, but really described a semicircle round them, and in doing so approached the bucks gradually. As soon as the men

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noticed that the herd began to get alarmed, the fastenings of the cheetah were unloosened and the bandage slipped. The moment he spied the herd he was off like a streak of lightning, and in bounds that covered nine to ten yards at a spring soon overtook the buck. He sprang at its throat, tore it down, and lay over it sucking the life-blood out. Then he was pulled off, and although not at all willing to leave his quarry, was replaced upon the cart and driven away. He would be no good for a second venture, as these animals, although very swift for a short distance, soon tire, and once they have missed their aim, seem to lose heart. A second cheetah was brought up, and the performance was repeated.

The next piece of sport I saw was in Mysore, when for H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Khedah operations for the capture of wild elephants were arranged on a very large scale. We arrived in Mysore City, and after the few days of festivities, started in a number of coaches for the Shamrannagar Hill, a branch of the famous Nilgiri Hills. After a drive of some fifty miles with many changes of horses, and a rest for lunch at the public Rest House, from where we could see in the river some crocodiles disporting themselves two or three hundred feet below us, we arrived

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at a village where all the inhabitants had turned out and built numerous very pretty little triumphal arches made entirely out of flowers, and presented us with trayfuls of flowers of every kind. Then they proceeded to decorate us all, from the Prince downwards, with garlands of flowers, and offered us refreshments consisting of syrups and water and small cakes and biscuits, everything most horribly sweet. Then we left our coaches and took to the saddle, and after riding through the jungle, which as we progressed got gradually thicker and thicker, and crossing several rivers, one rather deep where one of our party got a bad immersion, we arrived at last in camp.

Here what a sight greeted us! We were told we were going to camp in the heart of the jungle, just at the foot of the mountains, which are here about five thousand feet high. What we saw was a beautiful clearing, which only little more than a week ago had been forest and wilderness, with a village of huts all of large size, pitched in an orderly manner in rows, surrounded by flower beds and grass plots all tastefully arranged, with street lamps in every direction, a bandstand in the centre. In fact, it looked as if the whole thing had stood there always. After a bath and change, we were soon ready for our dinner, which was cooked and served as in a first-class hotel, and accompanied by the music of one of the

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Maharajah of Mysore's regimental bands. The next morning early, immediately after breakfast, we started for the Khedah, which we reached after a ride of some five miles over a make-believe road full of holes and pitfalls. Here was an enormous stockade built of very heavy timber, and inside it a deep ditch some twelve feet wide and ten feet deep, surrounding altogether about four square miles of forest. Inside this, towards one of the corners, was a smaller enclosure, some three hundred yards across, and also very strongly built. In front was a trap-door some five-and-twenty feet high, upon which were tied with wire cables enormous boulders weighing many tons. The door was raised and fastened to a branch of a gigantic teakwood tree. Inside the enclosure was a dense bamboo forest, and the entrance and sides were also well disguised by bamboos. Outside the outer enclosure, and overlooking the entrance gate to the inner court, was erected the grand stand.

The herd of elephants, thirty-five strong, was about a mile away, surrounded by beaters with tom-toms and cholera horns, and fires in every direction. They had been driven to that place for weeks beforehand from long distances, and this day was to see the end of their wanderings. Soon after we had taken our seats in the stand the drive began. Then a most unearthly row

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from every kind of noise-creating instrument began, over which the loud trumpeting of the angry and frightened elephants could be heard. Every now and then a heavy crash was heard, as if one of the giant trees of the forest had come to the ground, and all this came by degrees nearer and nearer. At last, suddenly, there burst upon us a most splendid, magnificent sight, and that was the herd dashing at full gallop through the trees and heading straight for the trap, surrounded by a frantic, demoniacal mob of beaters yelling and dancing, and beating drums and tin kettles, and calling the elephants by insulting names that threw the greatest discredit upon their ancestors.

The moment all had entered the inner enclosure, the Maharajah handed to Prince Albert Victor a knife, and the Prince severing a rope in front of him, which in turn released others, caused the heavy trap-door to drop down with a loud crash. Then a pandemonium arose inside. It was the loud trumpeting and shrieking of the elephants, on finding they were in a trap; and galloping round and round the enclosure, in very few minutes they reduced what had been a dense and lofty bamboo jungle into a mass of black mud. After lunch, Sanderson, the director of the Khedah, took us into the inner enclosure, and the gate was now surrounded by the Khumskis,

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i.e. tame elephants, with their Mahouts on their necks. The trap-door was then raised to allow one of the wild ones to squeeze out, when he was immediately surrounded and escorted to one of the large teakwood trees, to which he was securely lashed by his hind legs. A Mahout was straight-away appointed to him, and from that moment the taming process began. Some are tamed in three days, but with some it takes six weeks. Whenever one of the large and old untamables tried to squeeze out, he was immediately driven back. These are usually shot, but sometimes liberated, though this is considered unwise, as the males mostly degenerate into rogues, and become a terror to man and beast.

A very sad incident occurred here. A young coffee planter who had been after a tiger and bagged him, arrived with his shikari. He was a handsome man of about thirty-two years, standing six feet two inches, and the picture of health and strength. He was presented to the Prince, and narrated his set-to with the tiger, who had charged him twice. He left us just before sunset to return to his plantation on the top of the mountains, a large plateau extending some five or six miles. After his five-thousand-foot climb, on reaching the top he sat down to rest himself and cool on a rock, and unwisely unbuttoned his jacket. This caused inflammation

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of the stomach, and he died at two o'clock in the morning and was buried at eight. Truly in the midst of life we are in death !

The next day the Prince decided to go after bison. We made an early start, and after a stiff climb got into fairly open jungle. When we were proceeding in single file, we halted suddenly at a warning sign from Sanderson. A heavy '577 Express was handed to Prince Albert Victor, and Sanderson pointing ahead said, "There he stands, Sir, he is looking straight at us. Shoot !" The Prince looked, but for the life of him could not see the bison. I saw him as plain as a pike-staff, as his legs only were covered by bushes. It is a curious thing how difficult most people find it to discern game in their natural haunts, while to those accustomed to the sport it seems as if there were nothing else to be seen in the landscape. Again Sanderson pointed out the bison, but nothing could make the Prince see him, till suddenly the bison turned and trotted away. The moment he moved the Prince saw him and fired both barrels, but I am sorry to say scored a miss with both. After this we proceeded in another direction, but were unfortunate in two instances, as in both the game sighted us first. We came across many spoor of elephants, but did not come to view. Just as we were returning to camp up jumped a fine young Sambur buck

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with single points out of a thick bush in front of us. Again the Prince missed, but it was bagged by a long shot from Sanderson's rifle, a .500 Magnum Express.

The Khedah operations came to a finish the next day, and I went to try for a rogue elephant that had been seen about eight miles away. We rode over early, and dismounting from our ponies, had in front of us a wide valley covered by thick bamboo jungle. We heard our friend the rogue tearing down these plants and also trumpeting, so we made our way as quietly as possible towards him. When still about two hundred yards away all became quiet, and we advanced as slowly and cautiously as possible. Suddenly we came to where he had been busy, and had destroyed a great deal of jungle, but not a sign of the beast was to be seen. We carefully examined every nook and corner, but found no trace, until suddenly the shikari pointed out his footprints leading towards the hills, and at the same time we heard him trampling quite a quarter of a mile away. It is astonishing how so great an animal can force his way through thick jungle without making the slightest noise, the moment he gets suspicious. Another stern chase was undertaken, and again when we thought we were coming up with him he was off, and made his presence known some distance in advance: After four attempts

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like these we gave it up, as the day was exceedingly hot and the work too hard. So, after a walk back to our ponies of some six miles, I returned to camp, and the rogue remained unbagged to fight another day in his solitary existence.

A week later, I found myself at Mysore again, as the guest of the Maharajah. A few days later, Lord Claud Hamilton arrived, and at dinner that night Surgeon-Major Benson announced that a kill had been reported, and that no doubt that night a tiger would be enclosed in the snare of bamboo netting. The next morning early the news was confirmed, and we drove out a party of nine to the kill. When about five miles away, we mounted ponies and rode along narrow jungle paths towards the netted cat. I was riding along with Lord Claud, when I suddenly saw in a small clearing ahead a large boa-constrictor, or rocksnake, cross the path in front of me and enter a high ant-heap, in which it slowly disappeared. When all except about two feet of the serpent had wriggled in, I could not resist it any longer, but jumped off my pony and laid hold of its tail, and did my very best to pull it out. But Mr. Snake slowly disappeared, until one of the sowars of the escort came to my assistance, when with a click something gave way in the snake, and out it came. But what an angry snake it was! It made first for one, then for another,

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until knocked on the head with the butt of the trooper's lance. It proved to measure 16 feet 2 inches in length, and was of course non-poisonous. We skinned it, and, remounting, were soon at the netting.

This was close to a shallow pond, and the net enclosed about a hundred yards of jungle. The netting was about ten feet high, tied up to numerous poles of bamboo, and made of thick roping of cocoanut fibre. Around this the jungle had been cleared, and also two paths cut across inside, so as to locate the tiger more easily. On each side of the pond platforms about twelve feet high had been erected. We took seats upon these, and then the netting in front of the pond was opened out and the drive began. A great number of rockets were fired into the enclosure, and a most dreadful din was made on cholera horns and tom-toms, but nothing would move "stripes" for a long time. The tiger constantly charged the netting, only to be driven back by villagers armed with spears and sharpened bamboos. He somehow or other would not enter the water, which was about three feet deep. Suddenly two large rockets burst behind it, and with mighty bounds the tiger galloped across it. We all fired, but the shot that laid it low was fired by a Mr. Davis, the Mysore Road Inspector. The bullet, a 12-bore one, was planted in the middle of the

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forehead, and of course killed the animal instantly. It proved to be a young tigress, 10 feet 8 inches in length, measured from her head to the tip of her tail, and beautifully marked.

After the body had been packed on an elephant, we resumed our return march. I rode a little ahead, as I had kept my rifle in front of me thinking I might get a shot at something, and I was not disappointed. On entering an open space, there in front of me, standing about eighty yards away, was a fine grey wolf looking straight at me. I pulled up, took quick aim from the saddle, and sent my .450 Express bullet through the base of his neck, and thus added a fine pelt of wolfskin to my collection. He was a full-grown male.

The next day we had a drive of a large stretch of jungle. The morhants had been erected in a line across a valley, but so low were they that had we started a tiger he could with the greatest ease have swept us out of them, as they were only about five feet high. The drive started with the usual din, and two small jungle deer broke through. One was bagged by the Maharajah. A sounder of hog was also started, but broke back through the beaters. Then a leopard broke through and came in great bounds through the long grass; we all fired, but although rolled over, he was up again and escaped. This was all, and

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I think it was decidedly a good thing that a tiger had not been put up or there might have been a casualty.

A few days later I went black buck stalking, taking with me a native shikari, and had the luck to bag three. The last stalk of the day had been down a long rocky slope. We had suddenly come to a spot where we could not proceed farther without frightening the game away. There were three buck all together, one lying down behind a rock and only his head showing, the two others standing up. Suddenly they began to move away, and slowly walked up to the other side of the valley. We waited, as it was too far to shoot (about seven hundred yards); then the head of the other disappeared, and he evidently had lain down. When the two had proceeded about three hundred yards, they disappeared behind some rocks, and now was our chance for decreasing the distance. We advanced cautiously, and had got to about four hundred yards when the buck suddenly raised his head again and looked straight in our direction. We at once stood stock still and immovable, but he would not lower his head. We waited and waited, but in vain. I was seated on a rock and in full view of him. At last the shikari whispered that it was useless, but I might try the shot. I asked him what he judged the distance was. He thought three

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hundred and fifty yards. I made it four hundred, and at that distance a black buck's head is a very small object. But I decided to risk it, so I put up my tangent sight on my sporting Martini, and resting both elbows on my knees, pulled the trigger. At the shot his head dropped, and after crossing the valley and finding the distance to be about four hundred and thirty yards, we found the buck behind the rock stone dead, with the bullet in the very middle of his forehead exactly where I aimed. This was certainly a fluke, and could not be repeated.

CHAPTER VIII

PEOPLE I HAVE MET—I

IT was in the year 1877 that I offered my first drawing to the *Illustrated London News*. I sent it there as I considered that paper the foremost illustrated journal in the world. I called the next day and saw Mr. Mason Jackson, the then Managing Director, one of the most courteous gentlemen I ever met. He looked at my drawing, admired it, but thought it would be some time before I had mastered the style and effect of an illustrator for that journal.

While we were speaking a young man entered the room, and taking up the drawing and looking at it, said to Mr. Jackson, "This is a fine drawing and we ought to use it. I will do so on my own responsibility," he added. Mr. Jackson then introduced me. The young man was Mr. William Ingram—now Sir William, the first baronet of that name. From that day a great friendship sprang up between Sir William and myself, and it is still the same as it was thirty-six years ago, the day on which my first drawing

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was accepted for publication. A day or so afterwards, I also made the acquaintance of his brother Charles, one of the best friends I have, and his brother Walter, killed afterwards by an elephant in Somaliland. The story of his death is tragic.

He brought to London, after the ill-fated Nile Expedition to relieve Gordon, the mummy of an Egyptian high priest which he had purchased from an Arab on the Upper Nile, somewhere near Assouan. This mummy he unrolled in the offices of the *Illustrated London News*, and found upon its chest a gold plate, now I believe in the British Museum; upon the plate was inscribed, "He who disturbs my rest and takes me to a distant land shall die a violent death. His bones shall ne'er be found; they shall be scattered to the four points of the world."

Shortly afterwards, Ingram went on a big game expedition with young Meux and Phillips to Somaliland. Ingram had a 4-bore rifle, and when in the elephant region secured two good tuskers, so he lent his rifle to Meux, who had not so heavy a weapon, to give him a better chance of bagging an elephant. He himself went off with three Somalis, armed with a '450 Express, which shoots hollow-nosed bullets only (of 260 grains), to bag an antelope, or perhaps a panther. As luck would have it, Ingram came across a fine old rogue with a magnificent pair of tusks. This

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was too fine a sight to be resisted. Walter Ingram was mounted upon a Somali pony, so he galloped up to the elephant and fired both barrels at his forehead from about fifteen yards. The bullets, as might have been expected, flattened upon the animal's skull and had no effect beyond making him very angry. Ingram galloped out of reach and reloaded, rode up again and again, fired with a similar result, again galloped away and reloaded, and so on, until his lot of cartridges (sixteen) were expended.

After his last shot had been fired, as he was galloping away with the furious brute after him, his pony suddenly stopped stock still, apparently for no reason whatever. The elephant thundered up, whisked him out of the saddle, dashed him on the ground, and executed a wild war-dance upon him, literally trampling him into a jelly. All this happened in the bed of a dry nullah, and was witnessed by his followers (Somalis) from the tops of trees where they had climbed for safety. They being only armed with spears were of course powerless. After the brute had gone, they climbed down, dug a hole with their spears, placed the remains of poor Ingram in it, and returned to camp with their sad story.

Some time afterwards, Mrs. Ingram (his mother) sent out an expedition to find and bring back to England the remains of her son. The

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spot was found, but two rainy seasons had passed, and the dry nullah had become a roaring river, washing away the remains to the four points of the earth, thus fulfilling the prophecy.

In 1882, when I was going off to the Egyptian campaign, I received from Marcus Huish, Director of the Fine Art Society, from whom I had a commission for a picture, a letter of introduction to George Augustus Sala. I presented the letter, and Sala looked up, and staring hard at me said, "So *you* are Caton Woodville? I have watched your work, and am glad you are now going off to Egypt; you will find plenty of local colour for your pictures, and my friend Sir Garnet Wolseley will no doubt make you most welcome with a letter from me, which it affords me the greatest pleasure to give you." Sala was at that time arranging with Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, to write the life of the great Duke of Marlborough, and many a curious anecdote Sala told me of this great warrior at his house in Mecklenburg Square, and afterwards at Brighton, at those charming lunch and dinner parties he gave, where one met only the most interesting celebrities and the best of Bohemians.

Then existed the old original Corinthian Club run by John Hollingshead in York Street, St. James's, now part of the Sports Club. The Club smoking-room was then the ballroom, and one

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could meet there nightly the "sports" of the day, such as Esmé and his brother, Lord Granville Gordon, Hughie Drummond, Talbot Clifton (who afterwards became a celebrated explorer), the late Lord Headley, Sir Richard Mansel, Harry de Windt, the late Duke of Beaufort, Bobby Peel, Donny Stewart, dear old Brisco Ray, Colonel North, and many others. It was there I first met the Colonel at a charming evening, with the late Duke of Beaufort in the chair. It was to celebrate the coming of age of one of the Club's most charming lady visitors of Gaiety fame. A skipping-rope formed the centre attraction of the table, encircling the centre ornament of fruit and flowers. The Colonel was distinctly good company, and one was never dull when in his society. He suddenly said to me,—I was sitting, as it happened, by his side during supper,—"Look here, Caton" (it is a most curious thing that very few people amongst my associates ever call me by my surname), "I want you to paint me a picture; myself, my son, my daughter, the Master" (he was the owner of the East Kent Staghounds), "the whips, and a few dozen or so of my friends." I gasped. "Look here, Colonel," I said, "this looks to me like a large picture, I should say fifteen by ten; you say life-size the foreground figures?" "No," he said, "fifteen feet long, no. I tell you what," pointing to the

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opposite wall of the ballroom, "I want it as big as that wall." (This wall was, roughly speaking, thirty feet long.) "And I tell you what I'll do, I'll give you a thousand pounds for it and pay you in Tarapaca Bank shares." The shares then stood at 11 premium, and he paid me with them. He always was a man of his word.

Once when I was staying with him at Avery Hill, Eltham, he was opening his letters on a Sunday morning with his secretary, dear old Captain Carvick, and amongst them was a letter from a bookmaker enclosing a cheque for fifteen hundred and seventy pounds. One of the next letters was from a widow, telling him of the death of her husband, a fellow-Engineer of the Colonel's in Chile, and asking him to assist her a little, as she was left penniless through no fault of her husband's, but through sheer bad luck. "Yes," the Colonel said, "I remember her well, a good sort she is, and her husband was a white man and one of the best. Here, Carvick, give me that cheque of Fry's." He signed his name on the back, and added, "Send her this." The widow, who expected perhaps as much as a tenner, received fifteen hundred and seventy pounds! There are very few people, no matter how rich, who would do this.

Colonel North's gatherings at Eltham were most happy and amusing. One day at a shooting-

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party there, a servant came and said there was a very robust tramp near the luncheon-table, which was laid out in one of the coverts, who refused to go away, and demanded lunch to be served with champagne. "I'll see about this," the Colonel said. He went straight back, took his coat off, and told the man to stand up. He stood about six feet, and the Colonel about five feet eight. "Oh," the tramp said, "I'll teach you a lesson, my hearty,—you'll find I am the better man." No sooner said than he measured his length on the turf. "Get up," said the Colonel; again he went down. "Get up," said the Colonel. "No," said the tramp, "it appears I am out." He was dismissed with a sovereign, a small bottle and a lunch.

North did many a good action, and he never mentioned what he had done or boasted about it. He was often blamed and blackguarded by men, behind his back, if the shares of his companies depreciated, but never thanked when they went up in the market; and to how very many men has he done good turns, not to mention those whose absolute fortunes he made. He also never referred to those who had imposed upon him, even absolutely robbed him; these he preferred to forget. One of his great friends, and of mine, was the late Lord Headley, who commanded the 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers. Their

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headquarters were at Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, and the men were the worst type of Irish cattle-maimers or moonlighters. Headley daily after drill had the rifles handed in at the depot and put under lock and key, and only sufficient arms left in camp for the necessary Guards that had to be mounted. At mess his seat was decorated on each side of his plate with Colt's frontier revolvers and handcuffs. One day, when he expected the Inspecting Officer and sat chatting to his officers in his Mexican saddle (he always rode in one, no matter what the Regulations said about it), suddenly the Inspecting Officer rode on to the ground. The men were standing easy. No matter ; Headley turned round and shouted, "Present arms!" After a little bustle, the line was formed, and the men came to "the present." "Good, Lord Headley," the Inspecting Officer said. "If my ears have not deceived me, you gave the command to present arms without any of the necessary other evolutions that the book tells us we ought to go through ; in fact, Lord Headley, you can't do it." "What!" Lord Headley said, "can't do it? I have done it."

One year Lord Headley and a merry party drove on Colonel North's coach to the Derby. The Maharajah of Karputhala sat on the box-seat, and Colonel North held the ribbons. When we got into Epsom, the town was thronged with

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costermongers and their girls. They seemed all to recognise the Colonel, and as we progressed they all shouted and wanted to know if his horse would win and who his "Corner Man" was. Karputhala was in turban and native dress, and decidedly did not look like Bones of the Christy Minstrels troupe. He asked the Colonel what they were shouting about. He said, "They are cheering you, your Majesty." And the Maharajah, mightily pleased, kept on bowing to the multitude.

A very great friend of mine was the late Alfred Broadwood, brother of the General of that name. The former was best known in London, and especially in the coaching world, as "Swish." He was a great character in his way, a good shot, a good 'un with the hounds, and one of the best "whips" on the road. For many years he drove the Virginia Water coach, and his anecdotes and his language, if decidedly unparliamentary, were most original. One day when returning to "The White Horse Cellars," and Piccadilly as usual in the height of the season was under repair, with only a narrow road left on the near side sufficient for one vehicle at a time, he found himself with his coach behind a coal-wagon, the driver sprawled across his coal-sacks. Whatever Swish tried, tried he never so hard, he could not get past the ruffian, who took no notice of the horn sounding

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to clear the road. At last, near "The White Horse Cellar" itself, he got past the cart, and then a flood of language burst forth from Swish. Half the admiring public assembled there to see the coach arrive, disappeared as by magic, the female half at least; the coal-heaver turned round, pulled up, and listened to the repertoire. When Swish had finished, he said, with an astonished look upon his face, "What, Mr. Broadwood, all that at once?" whipped up his horse and drove on.

Swish had a habit of staying out late and coming home sometimes "half seas over." His wife promised him, jokingly perhaps, that the next time it happened she would scratch his face for him. Shortly after, Swish dined at the Raleigh Club, and arrived home, very happy, about 3 a.m. His wife heard him come in, and after a while she thought by sounds that issued from below, that Swish was doing a *pas de deux* with one of the suits of armour that ornamented the entrance hall. After a while, something came upstairs that sounded as if a whole ironmonger's shop was on the move, the bedroom door opened, and Swish entered, dressed cap-a-pie in armour, the visor down, and he calmly got into bed with the words, "Now you can scratch away."

One day he found himself with a pal in rather rough society, Whitechapel way. He had treated

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the company, and when all his "ready" was expended the roughs became annoyed because no more drinks were forthcoming, and from words proceeded to horse-play. Swish's hat was knocked off, and they proceeded to play football with it all round the bar, Swish himself joining in the sport; but at last he rescued his hat, and he and friend got outside. When a distance had been made at double quick time between their late companions and themselves, his friend remarked, "That wasn't a bad idea of yours to join in the football match with your hat; it made 'em laugh and gave us a chance to get away." "Well," said Swish, "don't you see, I had to do this, to let 'em believe I didn't care a —— for my hat, but I'll show you why I wanted them to think it of no value." With that, he pulled the lining down, and out of the crown came a hundred pounds in twenty-pound notes. "That's WHY!"

One of the strangest men I have met in London was a Russian colonel named Holman, who lived at the Charing Cross Hotel, and thought London the finest place in the world. He was an immensely powerful man, with enormously broad shoulders and a huge head. But he was not very tall, and the unusual breadth of his shoulders made him look much shorter than he really was. He was remarkably bald, with

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a ring of hair round the back of his head just above the nape of his neck. His breakfast with which he began the day was a bottle of champagne with a tumbler of gin mixed up with it. This he drank like so much tea, and it had no more effect on him than a cup of tea would have on an ordinary individual. One day Holman had a row with a Frenchman in Piccadilly, but, as he said, "I could not fight wid a little chap like that, so I just took him by de face." As a matter of fact he nearly clawed all the flesh off the poor little man's face with his huge leg-of-mutton fist, and left him screaming with pain on the pavement. Holman was given in charge and told to appear at the police court the next morning, so he went home, and by way of consoling himself drank himself blind, and then rolled into bed. When he woke up he remembered about the police court, and sent for Arthur Binstead, better known as the "Pitcher," to come and help him with the authorities. He was most anxious to keep the affair out of the papers, and his great idea was to square the reporters, so he took twenty pounds with him in gold. When he got to the police court, he explained what he wanted to the policeman on duty, tipped him a sovereign, and was then referred to the inspector. More explanations, followed by a tip of two pounds and a reference

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to the jailer. The jailer, lubricated by another two pounds, referred to the charge sheet, but could find nothing about Colonel Holman. The Colonel explained more fully, and the jailer said that the case had come on the day before. "But," said Holman, "it only happened yesterday." "No, it did not," said the jailer; "the assault was on Monday." "That's what I said," answered the Colonel; "yesterday was Monday." "Not a bit of it," replied the jailer. "The assault was on Monday; the case was dismissed yesterday because the prosecutor did not appear, and to-day is Wednesday." Luckily for Holman, the Frenchman had not followed up the case, for he had slept twice round the clock and had lost the whole of Tuesday out of his life.

Colonel Holman drank like a Viking. I have known one or two men who could take their liquor, but none of them could come up to him. On the night of the Diamond Jubilee I gave a little supper party at Romano's, and pretty late in the evening Holman came into the restaurant and sat down at a table near. I hailed him and asked him to have a drink, and he at once accepted, although he must already have had a good deal more than most men could carry. You know the big wine-glasses they have at Romano's—glasses which hold a quart of champagne. Well, I filled one of these a quarter full of the best old brandy

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and topped it up with a bottle of champagne. Colonel Holman looked on, and observed, "Quite a respectable drink. I think that I can manage it." He then took up the glass and drank the whole off at one draught. The drink was too much even for him, and he soon began to show signs of being sleepy. We had a cab called, a bobby helped him into it, and he was driven off to his hotel. A day or two afterwards, he said to me, "That was a fine drink you gave me the other night, Caton. The deentest drink I've had for some years. It cost me twenty pounds, too, for the bobby who helped me into the cab relieved me of twenty sovereigns which I had in my waistcoat pocket. I could see him doing it, but I was so drunk that I could not say anything. It struck me as deuced funny, and I laughed in the cab all the way home." Holman was a real sportsman and had a delicate sense of humour.

Swish Broadwood was once with him at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were sitting in a wine-shop one evening when two German officers and a civilian came in and sat down at the next table. The officers began to talk about "d——d Englishmen," looking at Holman and Swish. Holman stood it for a bit, and then he got up without saying a word, took the two officers and banged their heads together and threw them out into the garden. The civilian followed in the same way.

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A day or two afterwards, Swish and Holman were leaving a house of entertainment when they noticed the three following them with big sticks under their cloaks. In this way they went back to the hotel, and then, as Swish had to meet his brother, General Broadwood, he went to the station. Holman announced his intention of going back to speak to the three who had followed them home, and strolled down one of the wide avenues just outside the town. An hour or two later, Swish and the General were sitting in the lounge at the hotel and wondering what had become of Holman, when a startling apparition came in at the door. It was Holman with two cloaks and three hats under one arm, his clothes all torn, his head broken, and his face covered with blood. Holman told them that he had strolled out of the town, and when he got to a quiet corner he was set upon by the two officers and the civilian, all armed with heavy cudgels. A magnificent rough-and-tumble ensued ; Holman got his head broken at the first onset, but he soon got to grips with his men, belaboured them with their own clubs, and finally kicked them into the woods, mere hopeless wrecks. Then he picked up the cloaks of the two officers and the hats of all three of them and returned, like Cyrano de Bergerac, to his hotel with the spoils of war. He never heard anything more of his assailants, but

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he gave their hats and cloaks to the hotel porter, and as they never came to claim their property he presumed that their honour was satisfied.

Before I knew him, Colonel Holman made a lot of money at Panama, probably in the days of the de Lesseps boom. In those times Panama was one of the most reckless gambling hells in the world, and the Bishop of Panama lost not only all his own money but the Peter's pence at games of chance. Holman lent him money to get back his losses, on the security of the tin tabernacle called a Cathedral. Unfortunately for the Bishop, the money he borrowed from Holman went after the Peter's pence, and so the Colonel foreclosed and became the owner of the Cathedral. He told me that as he did not know what to do with it, and as things at Panama were going from bad to worse, he turned the building into a Casino with roulette and baccarat, and made a lot of money out of it. Then, when he got tired of Panama, he sold the whole concern to a company, and sailed for Europe.

CHAPTER IX

PEOPLE I HAVE MET—II

IN the end of the eighties I had a studio and flat in Tite Street, Chelsea. Over me lived James McNeill Whistler, and a great nuisance he was, too, as he was trotting all day long across the floor of the studio putting a few touches on his canvas and trotting back to see the effect. Few people know, perhaps, that Jimmy once had a military career. He was educated at West Point, and proved himself worthy of it. Drill he detested, and preferred a novel behind a convenient bush to a field-day. He was brought before the Adjutant, who addressed him with, "Cadet Whistler, it has been reported to me that you were absent from drill without my knowledge?" "How do you know it, then?" replied Jimmy.

One day he was ordered to teach some new cadets the rudiments of drill. It was a very hot day, so Jimmy made himself comfortable in the shade, placed his cadets in the hottest spot on the drill ground and then ordered them right about

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turn, until the poor boys became giddy and showed signs of fainting.

Opposite to our studios was Whistler's old house, the White House, built for him by E. W. Godwin. When Jimmy left it, he painted over the door these memorable words: "Except the Lord buildeth a house his labour is in vain that buildeth. This house was built by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A." Next door to our studios were the late Frank Miles' studio and rooms, which he shared for some time with Oscar Wilde. I also saw a great deal of Oscar Wilde's brother Willie Wilde, then married to a very wealthy woman, Mrs. Leslie of *Leslie's Weekly* in New York. She allowed Willie five shillings *per diem* pocket money, paid every morning. Her argument was that he could always bring his friends to lunch or dine at her table, but that the temptation if the allowance was paid in monthly or even weekly instalments would be too great to resist breaking his marriage vow.

Godwin had at that time been running an open-air play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, at Coombe House, Malden, and the principal character was played by Lady Archibald Campbell. The play was distinctly pretty, and the general effect good, except when it rained. Poor Godwin did not live long after that. He died after an operation, and there was some difficulty about finding a

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burying-place for him. A friend of his, a retired captain of the Honourable Artillery Company, said he could easily arrange this, as he knew of a sweet little disused churchyard in the City, and he straightway went off to get the necessary authority from the Bishop of London. "My dear sir," said this ecclesiastic, "I cannot give you permission to bury a man in any old flower-pot you happen to know of." After a council, it was decided to take the remains into Oxfordshire, where another friend suggested as a suitable place a clearing in one of his coverts. That morning at three o'clock I started with the widow and two friends in a four-wheeler, the coffin on the top, for St. Pancras Station, and arrived in due time at our destination, where a farm-cart was ready to take the coffin up to the house. This was a beautiful old Elizabethan building, with a large racket court, in the centre of which the coffin was placed, and covered with a white dining-tablecloth and decorated with a profusion of wild flowers. After lunch, the farm-cart arrived again, as word had just been sent that arrangements had been made to bury him after all in consecrated ground. A procession was formed, consisting of the brougham with the three ladies, the widow in a white fur-lined cloak with her wild gipsy-like hair flying round her uncovered head, the second lady in a yellow ulster with a turquoise blue tam-o'-shanter, and the third

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in a French grey sailor blouse and hat. Then came the dogcart with our host and myself, and as mourners on each side of the cart were six farm-hands. On our arrival at the churchyard the parson galloped up with his mortar-board and surplice flying under his arm. He had just returned from a day's cub-hunting. The coffin was shouldered by the rustics, and the burial duly performed. The whole thing was so strange and thoroughly Bohemian and artistic that the soul of Godwin must have rejoiced. The widow afterwards became Mrs. J. McNeill Whistler.

A friend of us all then was also W. G. Wills, who had a studio in the Avenue, Fulham Road. He was not only a writer of successful plays but also a good painter of portraits. His studio, where he lived with his secretary Russell, was the most Bohemian den I ever entered. Steaks were grilled on bent wires, toast made on the point of cavalry sabres, and champagne drunk out of empty lobster-tins. Wills had a curious habit of sending Russell out to buy comestibles, mostly with a sovereign, and when he brought the change Wills placed it in most curious hiding-places and always forgot where they were. So when cash was short, Russell began poking about on the top of doors, under rugs, and in empty water-jugs, and nearly always collected enough to keep matters going for a time. For a

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long while there was another inhabitant of the studio, who always arrived punctually at nine every morning. She was a very pretty and picturesque girl (unfortunately not quite right in her upper storey) of about eighteen. She was an artist's model, and when not used as such sat in a corner on the floor, ate all you gave her, and then curled up and went to sleep, but never opened her mouth, and I don't think I ever heard her say a dozen words in all the months she was in Wills' studio. She disappeared periodically, and then turned up again as if she had not been away. No doubt she meant well, and she was perfectly harmless. Wills mostly lived in his studio in a very old and dirty ulster over a short night-shirt showing a good deal of hairy leg; perhaps one foot in a boot, the other in a slipper, and an old solar topee, mostly worn back to front, on his head.

At the same time the old Pelican Club existed in Denman Street, and a very cheery place it was. It was run by dear old Wells, better known as "Swears and Swells," and there were to be met nightly most of the Corinthians of those days. There was the "Major" (Major Hope Johnston), whose well-waxed moustache ends were cut off one day while he slept by Carlton Blythe, who had them framed and hung up in the Club. Carlton's stentorian "Hullo there!" became the

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password of the Club. He used to advertise in the *Morning Post*: "Mr. Carlton Blythe's 'At Home,' corner of St. James's Street and Piccadilly, from 4 to 5, Thursday the ——." And there he would stand in the grey topper and spats conscientiously for the given time to receive his friends in rain or shine. Carlton afterwards went to live at Southsea, where he collected a bevy of young and giddy girls whom he drilled daily on the parade. This corps went by the name of "Carlton's Light Horse." Carlton was a good chap, and his team of piebalds will ever live in our memories. There we met many now gone, at the boxing matches and musical evenings. The musical talent was all of the best, and often have I listened to Marie Lloyd's sweet rendering of her dainty ditties, Johnnie Shine with his rollicking songs, and Ballyhooley Bob Martin with his Irish songs and capital stories. I am afraid these Bohemian days are over, and the new generation have discarded the suppers of kippers and haddock for those of the Savoy.

One summer I took for a few months Chantry Cottage, at Bray, near Maidenhead. I was constantly taken for the vicar on account of its proximity to the church. There we had many cheery Sunday afternoons. There would be Sam Lewis, May Yohe, Lord Esme Gordon, Maud Hobson, Arthur Sowler, Alma Stanley, and many

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others. Sam Lewis was a man I always liked, as I knew many a good turn he had done to people without advertising it. There were two pensioners of his who came like clockwork every quarter, one a sprig of nobility and the other a retired major. They invariably came with the old story of wishing to raise a loan of five or ten thousand on property that existed in their imaginations only, and Sammy would as invariably decline the business, but always finished by handing them a cheque for a hundred with the remark, "This will keep you going for a bit, till you can arrange it otherwise."

May Yohe was one of the most amusing women one could meet, and she could keep a dinner-table in roars of laughter for hours. Dear old Lord Esme Gordon was one of the old school, and his great hobby was gardening. The garden at his house at Maidenhead was one of the prettiest I have ever seen. Maud Hobson (the original Gaiety Girl) was a ripping good sort, and one of the kindest of pals to the girls on the stage. When they were in trouble they never appealed to her in vain.

A great friend of mine was at that time Charles Kerr the artist, son of Commissioner Kerr, who was Judge at the City of London Court, and a strict teetotaller, but very sympathetic with anybody in trouble who came before him. Some of

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his day's doings at the Court were really quite Solomonic, and many an amusing hour have I spent listening to them when dining at his house, where then, as is now the custom at the White House, Washington, only water was served with dinner. There came before him one day a young man of nineteen who had outrun the constable with his tailor and incurred a bill of £87 odd or so. He pleaded infancy. "How do you live?" asked the Commissioner. "On what my father allows me." "Do you owe the money?" "Yes." "Well, then, how much does your father allow you?" "Whatever I can get out of him." "Can't you make a proposal of some sort to liquidate this debt?" "Well, I might perhaps pay half a crown a month." The Commissioner to the clerk, "Half a crown a month." The creditor here exclaimed, "I shall never get my money!" "I don't think you will," said the Commissioner, and turning to the clerk he said, "Next case, please." Another time a furious creditor exclaimed, when he could not get his money, that he would make the debtor a bankrupt. "Then you won't get anything at all," said the Commissioner. "Look here," said the creditor, "I thought the new Bankruptcy Act was made for the protection of the creditors?" "You are quite wrong," said the Commissioner; "purely for the convenience and protection of the debtors. Next case, please."

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At another time, when the creditor exclaimed, on the occasion of another "infant" being sued by him, that the debtor deserved five years for fraud, the Commissioner said, "You are quite wrong; you deserve ten for allowing a young man with a face like that so much credit."

One day I received a visit from a most extraordinary man, who styled himself the Marquis de Leuville. He looked like a veritable stage villain, with his long greasy locks, his padded shoulders, his waist squeezed into a tight-fitting frock-coat, and heels to his boots of such dimensions that his walk was a hobble. He brought me a book of his poems and asked me if I would condescend to illustrate them. He also informed me that he was a painter of water-colours, and desired me to honour him at a lunch at which I should meet a great many celebrities in his chambers in the Albany. I went, and as luck would have it, beyond a few men and women who looked like supers, all the celebrities had written in the third person, saying that previous engagements prevented them. The lunch was gorgeous, the decorations of the rooms overpowering. The arms of the de Leuilles greeted one at every point; illuminated parchments, with heavy pendant seals, under bevelled glass and florentine frames, assured you that the Marquis's title had been bestowed upon his ancestors by all the

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kings and emperors of France from Charlemagne to Napoleon III. Even the fire-irons and door-knobs bore his arms. After lunch, he showed me his water-colours. I know little of poetry, but with the exception of the large signature of de Leuville in the corners of the water-colours, the pictures themselves were executed by artists of all the various art schools of Europe. Then he sang some songs, also written and composed by himself, and impressed me greatly by the originality of his voice. He certainly was clever, and spoke almost every European language without the slightest accent. I never illustrated his poetry, as I did not care for my drawings to be signed by anybody else.

Here is a curious incident related to me by a wealthy and well-known financier in the City. This gentleman was travelling one day to Bristol when, at Paddington, a very pretty little lady with a laughing eye under long lashes got into his carriage. The offer of papers and magazines soon established speaking terms, and he really began to congratulate himself for the luck that had brought him so charming and pretty a travelling companion; but, alas! when the train reached Swindon, before he knew it she was out of the carriage and had disappeared. When he returned to London, he sent an advertisement to the *Morning Post* and a few other papers: "If

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the lady who travelled with a gentleman on the —— train for Bristol and got out at Swindon would communicate with him, he would much like to meet her again. Box ——," etc. A week went by, and a letter arrived at his Club, gold-edged and scented, bearing the signature of Eva, saying she remembered him perfectly and would dearly like to meet him again, but that her landlady had sequestered her goods and chattels and clothes. If he could forward her an open cheque for five-and-twenty pounds, purely as a loan until her next allowance came in, to the above post office, she would hasten to him. Now my friend, although great in financial matters, was a mere child where woman's charms were concerned. The cheque went, and so did a day or two, when a wire arrived saying that unexpectedly her mother had arrived from the U.S.A. and their happiness therefore would have to be postponed. Then a most pleading and unhappy epistle arrived asking him to make another appointment and another loan of one hundred and fifty pounds, this time to have several serious operations performed upon her unfortunate mother. Again my friend, and again without consulting me, opened his cheque-book, and the cheque for a century and a half sped on its course to the Spanish-named street post office. Again the appointment was not kept, as her nursing kept her at her

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mother's bedside, and there were hints now at several severe operations. Then came again a little gold-edged, scented note, this time for a "monkey." Now my wisdom was urgently invoked, and my advice about the said five-hundred-pound cheque asked for. I advised him to consult his solicitor, but before he could do so a private detective presented himself at his office in the City and said he had been instructed by a lady to make inquiries about him, as she had accidentally discovered that he was a married man and had tempted the innocence of her daughter with large sums of money; therefore she found it her duty to forward his letters to his wife. But, if he thought it worth his while, he might for the price of the aforesaid "monkey" get his letters returned to him, of course without the enclosures. Now surely the time had come to consult a sage of criminal knowledge in Marlborough Street and ask his advice, the family solicitor being distinctly not suitable for such work. He at once agreed with me that there was no lady in the question, and when he cross-examined the "private inquiry agent" on this point, the "beauty" said the letters had been written by his wife and called for by her, and the cheques cashed by her also. He was perfectly willing to stand the racket if the Cræsus desired to prosecute; on the other hand, he would con-

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descend to drop the matter if the greatly esteemed City magnate would be satisfied with his letters only—which he was.

I once made the acquaintance of a curious character, a gentleman of about fifty who had once been a subaltern in the militia, and rejoiced in the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Havelock Hopson. His rank increased with years. One day he had made in the Criterion Bar the acquaintance of two dusky foreigners, who informed him that they were delegates from the Emperor of Abyssinia, just over here to find an officer of repute and valour to reorganise the Abyssinian Army. "Not another word," said Henry Havelock Hopson: "you have found him." Now there was only one obstacle the dusky delegates saw to his full appointment being carried out, and that was that, as they had come to their last coin, he would have to make it a matter of business and hand over, merely for form's sake, as a loan if he liked, the trifle of five hundred pounds. Now was H.H.H.'s chance to prove at last that he was a real soldier, and he went round to all his relations, who, only too glad to get rid of him, collected the money between them. The commission was signed and handed over. H.H.H. at once had visiting cards printed, this time as "General Henry Havelock Hopson, High Commissioner for the Re-

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organisation of the Army of H.M. the Emperor of Abyssinia," and with p.p.c. in the corner, to leave on all persons he knew and didn't. He also set to work to design a uniform, which was a combination of that of the field marshals of most European armies. General Boulanger had just arrived in London, so H.H.H. dressed himself in his new kit, proceeded to climb the knifeboard of a Kentish Town bus to call at the Hotel Metropole on the General. This celebrity was disturbed in his morning beauty sleep by the wild cheering of the crowd that had gathered and no doubt mistook H.H.H. for the famous General returning home from a night out. After H.H.H. had been kept an unconscionable time waiting, his card was returned with the words written on the back, that if the General of the Abyssinian Army had anything to communicate would he please do so in writing.

A few days later, he set sail for Abyssinia, well advertising his arrival at Massowah previously. Now it happened that Italy was at war with Abyssinia at the time, so the moment he arrived he was made a prisoner and sent on parole to Rome. This was exactly what he wanted and had counted upon, as he never intended to trust his valuable body and uniform in the hands of the followers of Raz Allula. He went to Rome, was made a lion of there,

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attended all functions and receptions always wearing full uniform, and drawing as a prisoner on parole full pay, raving always (in public only) at not being allowed to shed his blood for those brave African highlanders. But peace was soon restored, and greatly to the regret of H.H.H.'s sorrowing family he returned on their hands to make a claim through our Foreign Office for heavy damages for the insult by Italy to his uniform and honour as a soldier. Extraordinary to relate, this claim is still in abeyance.

CHAPTER X

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO IN 1886—I

IT was in October of 1886 that Sir William Kirby Green, then on a visit to London, invited me to accompany him on an official tour through Morocco. So a month later I set out for Tangier with my friend Colonel Kendal Coghill, who commanded the 19th Hussars in Egypt in 1882, and Gabriel Nicolet the portrait painter.

We put up at the Villa de France Hotel, owned by a dear old French sportsman, M. Brusot. There we met a most interesting personage, Captain Speedie, once tutor to the Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia, and afterwards one of the captives in Magdala who caused the war which ended in the storming of that city by Lord Napier. His narratives about lion-hunting and other game were many and most interesting. He told how the Abyssinian Government will talk to the people with their various sized and toned drums. These will tell them to come and fight, or to pay taxes, or to assemble to act as

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beaters for the Emperor or chiefs' big game hunts. I also made acquaintance there of the late Shereef of Wazan, a saint of great repute, whose *amours* would have filled volumes. He married an English lady, but I am afraid her life was hardly a bed of roses. He was an Honorary General in the Spanish Army, but the uniform he wore was a gross caricature of so high a dignitary, and his back view in red baggy breeches reminded one of the hind-quarters of a gouty old elephant. Of course, being a direct descendant of the Prophet, his mother had been a slave, as no ordinary wife is great or virtuous enough to be the mother of a Shereef. Whenever he was hard up, he sent his flag round the countryside with drum, tom-tom, and pipes, calling upon the faithful to pay him "Peter's pence," and when his pockets were filled, he returned again to his beloved Paris or Madrid, to live there the life of a gay man about town. Just then he was busy collecting.

After a month or two in Tangier, we set out amidst the thunder of cannon in one of H.M. cruisers for Mazagan, and arrived in that uninteresting place after an uneventful night. Here our camp, horses, and animals awaited us, as well as servants and escort, about five hundred in all. The camp, with its gorgeous silk-lined tents, and our riding animals, pack-mules, camels,

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etc., were provided by the Moorish Government, who also furnished the food and fodder for all men and beasts. The British Government provided wine, beer, and spirits, as well as soda-water, and it says a great deal for our chief of the transport, Herbert White, then British Consul at Tangier, that during the six months of our journey we never ran out of anything, not even Schweppe's soda-water. This was packed in sawdust, twelve dozen at a time, in huge sugar barrels, and slung on each side of camels. There were also many large cases on which the name of "Fortnum & Mason" proclaimed their contents. We were a party of sixteen Englishmen all told, and when at last our camp had been packed and our horses saddled and mounted, we were distinctly an imposing party. First came a banner-bearer, then Sir William Kirby Green with his staff, and then about five hundred Moorish cavalry as escort. Our camp followers numbered with their guards another eight hundred or so. Every day one of our large tents was sent on in advance to be pitched ready for our arrival for lunch. While we rested and attended to the inner man, the camp proceeded, and when we arrived about six there were all our tents pitched in a semicircle, with a flagstaff erected in the centre from which waved the Union Jack. The centre of the semicircle was the dining and



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“L'EN DEMAIN DE JENA ET AUERSTEAD.”

[R. Caton Woodville.

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drawing room tent, flanked by that on either side of Sir William and Mr. Herbert White, then the tents of the rest of us spread out on either side, and behind was a village of tents belonging to servants and escort. Every night we sat down to a well-cooked dinner of many courses, created by an experienced artist in the shape of a French chef. The wine and flowers were all that could be desired, and when we retired to our tents to sleep the sleep of the just, we slept in lofty tents some twenty-five feet in diameter, with velvet and silk linings, a well carpeted floor, very comfortable beds, an arm-chair, and every other necessary piece of furniture. This was roughing it with a vengeance. At night a bonfire was always lit, and there, to the accompaniment of the banjo, we made the welkin ring with "The sons of the Prophet were hardy and grim," and many another song that had delighted camp or mess-room. Every morning after our tubs we sat down to a good old-fashioned breakfast of fish (tinned, of course) and eggs and bacon. The eggs were fresh and newly laid, not like those described by Dan Leno, who said that London eggs made their presence known some distance off. Whenever we halted for the night, it was a curious sight to see a long procession of villagers arrive in camp bringing the "mona," or food tribute. There were sheep, chicken,

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vegetables of every kind, eggs, candles, tea, sugar in pointed loaves, and every kind of food one can imagine, as well as camel-loads of forage for the animals. These villagers had all been warned of our arrival weeks before, and I was told that perhaps the Moorish Government would consider this as taxes paid.

It is a journey of six days from Mazagan to Morocco City (Marrakesh), and most interesting it was. We had a great variety of sport, from boar and gazelle to the great and lesser bustard, partridges and sand-grouse; so our table was always well supplied with game. Then, as we proceeded, we were always met by an extra escort of tribesmen. One of the most beautiful sights I saw was about two thousand horsemen of the Ducala tribe meeting us. All were superbly mounted, mostly on black horses, with harness of every colour imaginable, some a turquoise blue, some bright orange, whilst others were crimson and gold. Their white haiks flowed yards behind them, and grasping their long flintlocks they galloped along, discharging them at their "labul barood," or powder play, to the cry of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" These were the men whom the French guns mowed down at Casablanca a few years ago, as they tried to rush the squares and match their antiquated weapons with the modern Lebel magazine rifle and its smokeless

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powder. Here I also saw hawking done in good medieval style. It made a splendid picture to see a Moor galloping along with his falcon on his gauntlet, until his greyhounds put up a lesser bustard or smaller bird, when off came the falcon's hood, and with the precision of an arrow he would fly at his quarry and bring it to earth. The country was alive with all manner of vermin, snakes, large rats, and large grey lizards, some twenty inches long, with bright red spots. These lizards had most formidable sets of teeth. Whenever we reached camp, our first business was to turn over every fairly large stone, and many a snake, scorpion, and centipede we dislodged thereby. As I awoke one morning and happened to look up at the roof of my tent, immediately above my face there hung a centipede about nine inches long with nippers that might have opened a champagne bottle. It was just considering if it was not high time to drop down on me. I was out of bed in double quick time, and that centipede's life came to an untimely but well-merited end. Of scorpions we came across two kinds, the bright golden and dark green or black variety. It is a curious sight to see how these scorpions and centipedes will fight to death if placed in some vessel from which there is no escape. A fight between a scorpion and a centipede is one of the most exciting and interesting duels anyone can contemplate.

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On our fourth day we left cultivated land and entered a sterile desert region, and here we encountered numerous herds of gazelle. One day, while stalking a gazelle, I was surprised to find the whole of the ground covered with petrified remains of large snails about four inches in diameter. I could not find one intact, they were all split down the middle. I was followed during my stalk by a large eagle, which hovered close over me and seemed not to understand what I was doing. However, I shot my quarry, and after having caught my horse, which had managed to slip its hobbles, and loaded up, I soon reached camp with my bag (having killed a good-sized puff-adder by the way). On the fifth day we reached a bare mountain region that separated us from Morocco City. It was curious to notice that after the fertile and well-watered region that lay round Mazagan in the country we passed through the first three days, there was not a drop of water to be found, so we had to carry all the water we wanted. As we ascended the mountains, distant snow peaks became suddenly visible, and when we reached the summit a scene spread out the magnificence of which I shall never forget.

There before us lay the city of Morocco, the Moorish Marrakesh, a city covering the same area as Paris with only one-sixth of its population, surrounded by a dense grove of palm trees

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in which were thousands of such beautiful tropical birds as the bee-eater and the blue-roller. Through it wound several arms of a river, like bright silver streaks, and behind it, seeming almost to touch the edges of the wood, rose the mighty Atlas, its mountains covered half-way down with a white mantle of snow, and stretching to right and left, as far as the eye could see, in the bright, hot sunshine. I felt inclined to say, like Mohammed when he beheld Damascus for the first time, "It is too beautiful for me to enter, lest I should be disenchanted." In the midst of the city there rose the minaret of the great mosque of Cutobia, in colour like bright polished copper, and ornamented with various shades of peacock-blue tiles. We dismounted and feasted our eyes on this beautiful picture, which I have never seen equalled in any other country. Suddenly a cloud of dust approached us, and out of it burst a troop of Moorish cavalry, and at its head Kaid Allan Maclean, the brother of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, K.C.M.G., for many years Instructor-in-Chief to the army of the late Sultan Mulai Hassan, the only sovereign who was able to keep the turbulent tribes of Morocco in order, and who was feared and obeyed wherever he went.

We remounted our horses and descended the mountain, and soon entered the plain, and then the

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palm wood. This was truly beautiful. In every direction flew the turquoise and orange blue-roller doves, kingfishers, both green and gold and black and white, emerald and scarlet bee-eater hawks, and swallows, amongst which I noticed several quite white. Soon we were greeted by Sir Harry Maclean and his staff of dignified Moors. As we entered the city a royal salute was fired by the guns from its walls, and the streets were lined by infantry of the Sultan's army dressed in scarlet Zouave jackets with red Turkish fezes and buff-coloured baggy breeches. They were then armed with Martini rifles, and their instructors and most of the officers had been trained by us at Gibraltar. The soldiers looked really well, and performed all the movements with smartness and precision.

We arrived at our destination, the Mamounia Palace, which had been placed at our disposal by the Sultan. It stands in the centre of the city, in the midst of the most beautiful garden, in which were stately elms and olive trees, banana and orange, as well as cherry, apple, and pear trees in profusion, with festoons of vines hanging from their branches. The ground was well watered by countless little rivulets rippling with running water. The shade and coolness under the trees were delicious after the heat and glare outside. We were now distributed to our various quarters : mine were

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in a large pavilion with a beautiful patio in the middle. In the centre of this court a fountain played, and on the side facing the entrance was a drinking fountain. The walls were all covered with lovely tiles to some seven feet in height, and the columns surrounding the square were of exquisite and tasteful design, reminding one of the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra of Granada. The rooms opening from this patio were large and lofty and very cool. These too had their walls covered with the peculiar Moorish pattern of squares, triangles, stars and wedges, all coloured in most harmonious tints. The lower part was covered with tiles of marvellous designs, and divans surrounded the apartment, covered as well as the floor with the finest of Moorish carpets of a velvet-like texture.

Beside this pavilion was a large swimming bath about twenty by thirty yards in size and about six feet deep, surrounded by high walls so that no prying eye could overlook it, and in it a whole aquarium of amphibious life. I noticed snakes, tortoises, large green and yellow frogs, while the water was simply alive with leeches. The first thing we did the next day was to have it run dry, and the wriggling mass of living things left on its bottom could have almost filled a railway wagon. However, it was thoroughly emptied, and scoured out and refilled. Within a

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few days the inhabitants of this basin were as plentiful as ever, so we gave it up, and as they didn't molest us, shared the bath with them the whole of our stay, except that we always kept moving about when in the water, so as not to give the leeches a chance.

Our dining-room was a raised platform in the garden, and our drawing-room a beautiful little pavilion in the grounds, surrounded by the softest of couches, and the floor a mass of carpets in which the foot sank as in a bed of soft moss. Here nightly the banjo made sweet music in company with the Kaid's guitar, and such of our songs as "Abdul the Bull Bull Emir," and "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket," made the Moors listening outside shake their wise heads and remark that after all these Giaours must be good if they tell their prayers so often, although they drink the forbidden though desirable juice that enlivens a sad heart and maketh it gay again.

The next day we all dressed in uniform and made the round of the city and the bazaars, and also visited the horse market just outside the city. Here one could buy a horse for three pounds, or if extravagantly inclined give for an extra good one a fancy price of say twenty, or perhaps a record one of twenty-five. We saw here some superb barbs for sale that would have fetched long prices in London or Paris. The barb

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makes a most perfect light cavalry horse, and for endurance and weight-bearing capacity is seldom surpassed. I rode a barb on this journey, when our horse-shoes had given out, for eight days over the roughest of mountain tracks with only one shoe on his feet, yet at the end of that time he showed not the slightest sign of lameness. Their action, too, is most comfortable, and their mouths, through being broken in by a very severe bit, can be guided by the proverbial thread. I have found the barb of South Morocco far superior to the Arab in all ways, and certainly better looking. I believe there is distinctly a strain of the Shire horse in him, owing, I was told, to a large present of such horses having been made to a Sultan of Morocco by George II. The export of horses from Morocco is strictly forbidden, but one *can* get an order to do so with very great difficulty, or by paying as much for it as for the horse.

CHAPTER XI

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO—II

DURING our stay in Morocco Sir William Green was instrumental in having a young Frenchman liberated from the Moorish prison. A Moorish prison is not exactly a bed of roses, as when a prisoner has no relations to bring him food he must earn his own living making baskets or toys, which he can sell to passers-by through the bars of his prison window. This young man had deserted from the French Army in Algeria, and had made his way with a caravan across the desert to Timbuctoo, where he had been seized by the authorities and sold as a slave, after which he came with another caravan through Sus to Morocco City, and being accused one day by his owner's wife of some theft, was thrown into jail. He was sent to Mogador, and put on board a French vessel to face his trial as a deserter—truly from the frying-pan into the fire !

One of our amusements during our stay in Marrakesh was to visit the slave market that is held three or four times a week. The slave

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market consisted of a large square about three hundred yards each way, with a colonnade cutting it in two in its centre. In the colonnade the Government notaries sat to register the sale and purchase of all slaves. Round the square were many places built like shops with a back room. You sat on the window counter, so to say, and the auctioneers walked with their strings of slaves round the square, pointing out to the would-be purchaser the various slaves and the prices that had been offered. Then he would again wander round, and on returning mention any increase upon these prices. The back room is used if you wish to examine a slave in private. Whenever these slave girls first caught sight of us, up went their hands to their foreheads, like a military salute, palm outwards. This was to shield them from the evil eye, as we were nearly all fair and had blue eyes.

These slaves are mostly captures made on the Upper Nile and the Bahr el Ghazal country. Some of these unfortunate creatures had been two years on their journey before they reached here, and had mostly been exchanged for Manchester and Sheffield goods at Timbuctoo. The life of a slave in Morocco is not a hard one, and the Moors mostly make kind masters. If a girl is pretty, she will be added to the owner's harem as a mistress; she may become a cook in time, or a

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lady's maid to one of the wives. If a man, he becomes his master's body-servant or valet, rides his horse on a journey and carries his master's gun. Small boys mostly become their master's pets, and the hard and dirty work of the house is always done by hired servants, generally Berbers. The slave is more or less a show thing that is well and smartly dressed, and has few duties to perform. The price of a slave varies. For a girl, of say fifteen or sixteen years of age, from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars may be paid, if she is pretty. A boy of sixteen or a man of five-and-twenty will fetch from a hundred to two or three hundred. I saw a woman of about fifty sold for two hundred and forty dollars, but then she was a celebrated and experienced cook. Small children fetch very little—ten or twenty dollars at most. The greatest threat a Moor can use against his slaves is that he will send them to the slave market to be sold. Some of the girls, although blue-black, were decidedly pretty. These were Nubians with straight noses and well-shaped lips, and not of the South or West African negro type. The slaves as they were marched round were all dressed in showy, highly glazed calico garments of the brightest colours, and seemed quite contented with their lot, and only too anxious to get the sale over and to enter their new home. The only sad sights were the good-

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byes between man and wife, or brothers and sisters, or children and their parents, when bought by separate owners.

Returning one day from the slave market and passing through the bazaar, I was sitting on my horse and waiting for Boulnois when I and my horse were suddenly knocked down by a stallion which had got loose. The brute stood over us, hitting us with his forelegs, and snapping with his teeth. He cut my saddle-flap to pieces, but luckily missed my leg. I could not move, as my left leg was pinned under the horse. The Moors all stood around me grinning, thoroughly enjoying the sight of a Giaour in difficulties. At last Boulnois appeared, and that ended my trouble. When I got up, I laid about me with the lash of my hunting-crop, and many of the spectators had weals to show that evening. It is noticeable that a Moor always admires a display of force. I had a servant going by the name of Mohammed. One morning when I got up I called to him for my washing water, and got no reply. Then I heard a lot of giggling and laughing going on, and looking through a slit in the tent I saw my friend Mohammed sitting a few yards away, thoroughly enjoying being called by me and displaying his disobedience to his compatriots. When I appeared at the entrance, hunting-crop in hand, he took to his heels, and I was sorely tempted to send a load

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of shot into the seat of his breeches. That morning he kept out of my way, but the just and well-merited retribution came soon. That evening when I got into camp there was my friend Mohammed very busy arranging my tent. There was a bouquet of flowers on the table, and my bed was never better made. I went in and pretended not to see him until I got within range, and then he got it ; and when my arm could hardly deliver another blow my heavy riding-boots finished the business against his naked shins. No one could have wished for a better servant after this, and his tears flowed copiously when I ultimately left Morocco and refused his society to Albion's shore.

During our stay we were invited by the Sultan to an imperial dinner at a pavilion he had built for himself about five miles from the city. This pavilion has in front of it a large tank of about six hundred yards square. In the centre was a pretty little island, and Mulai Hassan now and then would cart about six or seven hundred of his wives and concubines out there, and watch them disporting themselves *in puris naturalibus* from the balcony of the pavilion. An imperial dinner means seven hundred dishes, and when we sat down an everlasting stream of food was handed to us. The dishes were platters of wood about thirty inches across and covered by a

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peaked cover of ornamental straw. Some of the dishes were delicious, but the *pièces de résistance* were those cooked with the valuable and rare Argan oil, which is dark green in colour and of an extremely strong almond flavour. The dishes as they were taken out were seized upon by the soldiers and servants, who gorged themselves until their bellies were perceptibly swollen.

The reception at the palace by the Sultan was a magnificent spectacle. We were received in the morning by him in a square in front of the palace. The four sides were lined with troops, and the Sultan arrived mounted on a black stallion under the Shereefian umbrella. On each side walked attendants with long cloths to whisk away the flies. We were all in full uniform or diplomatic dress. Sir William Green presented us all in order, and when it came to my turn and he was told I was an officer in the Royal Engineers, "Ah," said the Sultan, "I understand; he is making the map of my country." In the afternoon we returned again to the palace to offer to His Majesty the various presents that we had brought with us. They were of varied description. One was a Cleopatra in wax, with curling locks and a mechanical asp. The lady opened her eyes and breathed hard, closed them again, and the asp crawled up and did its fateful bite and crawled down again—all enclosed

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in a glass case. There was a steamboat, full of passengers, that went by clockwork ; a glass globe with singing birds and flowers ; and several cases of revolvers and pistols that he straightway began to fire at any object in the courtyard below. This soon cleared it of every living soul. The Cleopatra, however, was the great attraction. Kaid Maclean said that within a few days the whole of the toys would be pulled to pieces by the women of the harems to see the inside working, and then swopped away. Mrs. Kaid Maclean ventured one day into the harem, and the moment she entered she was surrounded by the women, who in an indescribably short time had every stitch of clothing and jewellery off her, and then they pranced about in her outer and under clothes to the delight and amusement of the other inmates. She had to go home in Moorish garments borrowed from some of the women, and never received a thing of her own again. I dare say Mullai Hassan made it good to the Kaid, of whom he was very fond and to whom he constantly made valuable presents.

When Mulai Hassan came to the throne his first act was to get rid of any pretender to the throne of Morocco. One brother he had stabbed in a mosque ; another he presented with a beautiful Circassian slave, who promptly poisoned him ; another, his favourite brother, he had made a

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prisoner and kept in close confinement, and all nearer relations in the male line were got rid of in similar manner. He was the only one of the emperors of the last century who knew how to rule his turbulent people, and he did it with a hand of iron. Whenever he wanted his taxes out of a district, and the people would not pay, he went there with his army, some forty or fifty thousand strong, well organised, armed and disciplined, and sat down in the province and literally cut it up. So there was no help but to pay, if they wanted to get rid of this band of locusts. If he wanted to bleed the Barbary Jews, he collared a dozen or two, clapped them into jail, and then a lump of rock salt was placed in one of their hands, which was then enclosed in a thick leather close-fitting bag that was riveted on the back of the belt. Every day that a hand was kept in that position was one day nearer to paralysing it, and this was accomplished more or less in a month, never to recover its use again. If a Basha of a district did not please him, or failed in his duty towards him, he was summoned to Marrakesh or Fez, and became the guest of the Sultan in his palace. On the second day he invariably began to feel unwell, and this illness became worse from day to day until he either died, or disgorged his ill-gotten gains, after which he was certain to depart this life.

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One day Sir William Green returned to our palace in a towering rage. He had had a stormy interview with Sidi Garnit, the Prime Minister. It appeared that Garnit had offered Sir William a bribe in connection with a trading treaty, and on Sir William nearly threatening to have an apoplectic fit at this indignity, said, "Melleh, Melleh ; don't get so angry, Bassadore ; all the others have always taken it." "What !" said the British Minister, "all ?" "Yes, all but one."

After two weeks' stay, four of us set out for an exploring trip in the Atlas. A ride of thirty miles brought us to a place called Ammsmitt, at the foot of the mountain, with its snow-covered crest towering above us. From there we proceeded, the next day, up one of the loveliest valleys we ever beheld. It was most beautifully wooded, and a clear and broad stream flowed down its centre. We camped close to a castle inhabited by a rich Moor and a colony of Barbary Jews. The valley might have been in Switzerland or the Tyrol, while the people from their dress and style of buildings might have been in Afghanistan. It is a very curious thing that the countenances and garments of the people should be so like those of that other Mohammedan country so far away. The next day the castle owner took us for a hunt. We sighted a panther and some boars, but never got a shot. In the

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evening, as we were returning, one of us by a lucky fluke shot a moufflon. There are a great number of these animals all along the Atlas range. The next day we started for another valley, and after riding along a breakneck path about six inches wide, with a drop of about two thousand feet on our left, for nearly all day, we at last arrived at the end, and a most extraordinary sight met our eyes. Down the mountain-side was a streak, about three hundred yards wide, in which every forest tree had been withered. The trees stood gaunt and bare, not a leaf on their branches, while those to right and left were covered with bright green foliage. It was where the deadly sirocco had sent its burning blast, coming from the desert some two hundred miles away. A marvellous spectacle was also a river some thirty yards wide, coming straight out of the earth and sending its mighty volume of water rushing down the valley; of course the Moors said an enormous treasure had been sunk in its depths. We had another moufflon hunt, but again only one was shot by our party.

The next day we entered a valley full of cliff dwellings some three or four hundred feet above the ground. We climbed into some of the lower ones, and found in them bits of old pottery and a stone arrow-head. The dwellings were very well built, and cut out of the solid rock, with

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doors and windows. Our Moors informed us that they were built by the early Christians. There must have been five or six hundred in all, and if we had only brought a long rope so as to have let some of our party down to them, no doubt many interesting finds might have been made. I shot an ibis, and cutting him open to see what his dinner consisted of, found his stomach full of remains of scorpions. There, too, I saw a field covered with the loveliest grass orchids of a pale mauve colour, and masses of narcissi that with their overpowering scent almost gave one a headache. The higher slopes of the Atlas were covered with enormous virgin wild walnut trees, some of the trunks of which were ten feet in diameter. Our horses wallowed in the rich, high, and luxuriant grass that covered the plateaux, a crop of grass such as one might find in England, but nowhere else.

The whole of the Atlas range is rich in precious metals. Gold can be washed in all its streams, and copper, tin, and coal are found in many places. There is a great future for these lands, as on the higher plateaux any European vegetables can be grown, whereas the lower lands will give you two crops a year—wheat in the winter, and Indian corn in the summer. Grapes could be cultivated with grand results; and oranges and figs, not to say all our European fruit trees, do extremely

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well. Everywhere the plains are covered by palmetto scrub, on which the cattle fatten very quickly, and sheep and cattle can be grazed together, as the palmetto scrub grows rather high. Trout would do well in all the streams of the Atlas, but at present these seem to be without fish, as I could not discover a sign of one anywhere. Living is very cheap there. In the market in Morocco City you can buy eggs one hundred in a basket for fifteenpence, fowls for threepence each, a goose or turkey for one and sixpence, and a sheep for two shillings. Two sovereigns will buy a cow, and a good horse costs ten pounds. What a Paradise for the man with a small income! Two hundred a year will enable him to live in a style that he could not assume at home if his income were five times that amount.

CHAPTER XII

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO—III

WE crossed the Atlas into Sus. A more beautiful country could hardly be found. The whole valley, some sixty miles wide, is watered by numerous streams from the Atlas and Anti-Atlas. It is the most fruitful part of Morocco, and coveted with good reason by the grasping Teuton. Many of the districts we passed through had never been visited by Europeans before. As a fruitful land it is worth the whole of the rest of Morocco put together, and would make one of the most valuable colonies in any of the great Powers' hands. France is therefore warmly to be congratulated upon its acquisition. We passed through miles of valuable cork oaks, and the country seemed to teem with well-to-do villages, and Arab dowars with plenty of cattle and sheep and goats. We recrossed the Atlas north of Tarudant and made for Mogador, passing through the celebrated Argan Forest, the Iron Wood of the ancients. The nuts from which the green and highly prized (by the Moors only) Argan oil is pressed had already begun to fall,

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and the forest was alive with rats and mice feeding upon them; and thousands of snakes which, in their turn, had been feasting upon the rats and mice, were hurrying away in every direction. I saw one snake quite twelve feet long, and as thick as my biceps. We were received in state by the population of Mogador, who had decorated their town in our honour and prepared a most gorgeous banquet for us. Of course there was the usual deputation of Barbary Jews who presented an address to Sir William. The guns at the fort thundered forth a royal salute, and the garrison turned out in review order, lined the streets, and looked smart and soldierly.

One day in Mogador was enough, and we departed to have a day's wild-boar shooting about ten miles away. The day was frightfully hot, being in the middle of July, and it was like being frizzled alive waiting in the burning sun for the game to break cover. The day's sport didn't turn out well, for our whole bag was a sow and a small young boar. From there we proceeded to Suerah, where we camped for several days. We passed through miles of boxwood scrub in which were quantities of the bright green beetles the wings of which are used so much in Indian embroidery. It was strange that we found these insects nowhere else on our journey. They make here some rather pretty pottery ornamented with

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the usual geometrical Moorish patterns. After this, we passed again through the country of the Dukala, the most formidable tribe in Morocco and one of the richest.

From Suerah we made for Dar el Beida (Casablanca), and the very numerous European population turned out in force. An Englishman had the idea of forming a horse-breeding establishment near this city, and imported a number of thoroughbred mares to interbreed with the native barb. But he had reckoned without the Moors, for when the time came to export his distinctly good results, the Government stepped in and forbade it, but offered to sell him export permits at a ruinous price. From Casablanca we passed through a country of which the undergrowth was alive with bright green little tree-frogs, and I also caught two chameleons. We passed the Kasbah el Sghirst, a training college for Mollahs, or priests. After this we entered Rabat, on the river Bu Regreg, with the old Barbary pirate stronghold of Salee on its opposite shore. The bazaars of Rabat are very fine, and nearly as large as those of Morocco City. The town itself is as large as Fez, and, as a trading port, is of more importance. It is difficult, though, for steamers with deep draught to enter the port on account of the bar, and, besides, there is very little anchoring ground in the river.

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The day after our arrival we went for a picnic to a ruined mosque, the burial-place of one of Morocco's sultans. The interior was still covered with most beautiful tiles, the colouring of which was exquisite. From Rabat we made a short journey to Mehedia. On the way there I was riding some miles away from the rest of the party with our interpreter. He said that the last time he passed through these parts all the countryside was ablaze with fire, and he assured me it was a most impressive sight. As he was talking he lighted a cigarette, and throwing the match away we moved on again. I happened to look behind me, and what I saw startled me. Although we had only moved a few yards since the match was thrown away (he did not know it was still alight), quite a hundred yards of the grass, which consisted mainly of wild oats fully yellow and ripe, was ablaze. Half a mile farther on we had to cross the river Sebu, and when we rode up the bank on the opposite shore miles of country were flaming, and we could see swarms of the lesser bustard and partridges getting up in all directions and flying before the conflagration. All that day, while we were covering twenty-five miles or so back to camp, we saw the big smoke-cloud hanging on the horizon, and the whole of that night we could see the reflection of the fire upon the sky. This careless throwing away of a

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match must have burned many a mile of country, and I regretted it very much when I thought of those splendid grasslands now a black and dreary waste.

From Mehedia we made for Dar el Khresi, and here I saw at night a *fata Morgana*. Our camp looked like an island in a vast sea or lake, so natural that even the moonlight was reflected upon it. I was told that there was in this neighbourhood a herd of springbok, and I was shown a pair of horns which looked as if they belonged to them, as they were quite unlike those of the gazelle which is found in many places in Morocco. From here we marched to Larache, or El Arish, and in this camp a number of black spiders were pointed out to us, and the Moors assured us that their bite was always fatal. We saw, with the rising of the tide, a school of whales coming up the river and shot several of them, and one which was evidently only wounded created a terrible tamasha, splashing round and upsetting two or three boats anchored in the river. From El Arish we marched to Arzila, and camped there for two days. We had here some good sport amongst the red legs, and shot also two of the big bustard, the largest weighing over forty pounds. The bird was very good eating, after having been buried in the ground for twelve hours. Its flesh was very dark, and the taste reminded me of

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grouse. From Arzila we marched to Tangier, past Shaf el la Khab and Awarra, where I had helped to give many a boar his quietus and had had many a splendid gallop after this grizzly but plucky quarry.

Here the European colony of Tangier had ridden out to meet us, and, the sixteen miles to Tangier being soon covered, we entered the town again after our long absence, to rest from our arduous journey. We had travelled in all about eighteen hundred miles, and seen nearly all there was to be seen of Morocco. In the hands of our own country, Morocco might have been a most promising colony, and would soon have been settled with some of our superfluous population, but I fear that neither the French nor the Spaniards have proved successful colonists in the past.

The day after our entry into Tangier was the feast of the Isawees, or the followers of Christ as they call themselves. They assembled, some eighty strong, in the Souk, and marched in procession through the town, with flags flying and tom-toms beating. They were all dressed in long white shirts, their heads uncovered and their wild, long locks hanging on their shoulders. When they reached the Souk again, they formed into a circle, and walked round and round, first in one direction and then another, chanting all

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the time, and moving their heads in a circle that made one giddy to look at. After a while, when they had worked themselves into a religious frenzy, a sheep was brought into the circle, and this was a signal for all to throw themselves upon the unfortunate animal. They literally tore this sheep to pieces like a pack of famished wolves, fighting with each other over the remains of the carcass. I was told that in the olden days the victim was a Christian slave. It was one of the most disgusting sights I ever witnessed. After every scrap of the sheep had disappeared, the Isawees threw themselves upon the earth, and ground up the gravel and stones between their teeth, and ultimately lay there exhausted in an unconscious state, their sightless eyes staring up into the rays of the sun without blinking or quivering. After a few hours, they would one by one pick themselves up and wander homewards, no doubt thinking that they had had a most ripping time.

In the evening, the German Minister gave a large dinner-party, in honour of our safe return, in the Legation, which is one of Tangier's most beautiful houses and decorated in most perfect Moorish style. The scene in the splendid patio of the Legation was very fine, with the ladies in evening dress, and the turbaned Moors handing the dishes, and the Moorish orchestra playing

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weird music. After dinner, some dancing girls gave us a Moorish dance, but these dances always appear to me tame and uninteresting, and the movements are very seldom graceful. The best dancing of this kind I have seen was executed by gipsy girls in Albania. These girls were the only ones who really approached the graceful, and their dancing had distinctly an idea and suggestion of Maud Allan about it.

I settled down in Tangier, and finished a large water-colour drawing, five feet high, of a "Trial of a Woman taken in Adultery," which was exhibited in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, and purchased by the late Colonel North. I employed as an agent, to get me the necessary models, an Isawee, a snake charmer. He found the greatest trouble in getting for me a good-looking Moorish girl of the better class to sit for the woman. At last, after many had been discarded as useless, he one day with a great amount of secrecy and fuss ushered a girl into the studio I had on the Mashant. She proved to be very good-looking and young, and made an excellent model, till one day I gave her some champagne to drink. After that, she would never sit still until she had had some more, and before I had finished the picture she became quite a tippler. I had many visits from prominent Moors, and they admired my work immensely. Curious to relate, although hardly

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able to tell one picture from another, they all immediately guessed at the subject and that it was a woman before her judge, although there was nothing to show it was a court of law. Trials are held mostly in any kind of court or patio, and with the exception of the soldiers present, neither the judge nor anyone else wears any kind of distinctive dress. "Ah," exclaimed one of my visitors, "you will have a great deal to do when you get to the next world, as you will have to put a soul into these figures you have painted." It is the invariable rebuke I always received from them, and this is the reason the Shiite branch of the Mohammedan religion does not depict the human form, although this is done by the Sunnites, the Mohammedan branch of Persia, Central Asia, and India.

I made some sketches of Moors, and they never could understand why in pencilled sketches I should make half their faces black, to represent the shady side. I painted a colour sketch of an itinerant minstrel, a negro from the Upper Niger country, who had wandered all over Northern Africa. He came almost daily just to sit in front of the sketch and admire himself, and he would take it to the looking-glass, look at himself and at the sketch, and shake his head doubtfully. One morning, after standing first on one leg and then on the other, gazing at the picture and at

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himself, he at last came up to me, squatted down at my side, and having fished out of his belt a small bag, shook from it two or three dollars in small coin. He then pointed at the picture and said, "Eshal?" (How much?), and when I shook my head, offered me five pesetas, gradually increasing his offer until he had exhausted the whole of his wealth. I then sat down, after declining his offer, and made a new sketch of him, this time full face, as the other having been side-faced had always puzzled him. When it was finished, he of course took it to the looking-glass, and the expression of delight that came over his face was extremely comical to see; but when I presented the picture to him, his joy knew no bounds. He laughed as he rolled on the ground, he squeaked and strummed his lyre, and ultimately threw himself down and kissed my boots. He then wrapped the picture up in cardboard and many folds of newspaper, took it into the town and had it framed, never leaving the shop door until it was handed to him. He considered himself the proud possessor of a "photograph in colours," as he called it, and not a mere black and white.

The studio I occupied had been in the possession for some years of the late Benjamin Constant. He painted there most of his best and finest Oriental or Moorish pictures. He painted nearly all his pictures on a background of Indian red,

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which gave them that warm and brilliant colouring. In one or two instances he tried a background of gold, and some of the transparent tints upon gold possessed a lustre that had a peculiar charm of its own and could not be arrived at by any other means. I also met a well-known American artist who went there every winter. He painted his architecture in the Alhambra at Granada, or in the Alcazar at Seville, and then went to Tangier to paint his figures into the pictures. He was married to a beautiful Spaniard, and it was very fascinating to watch her talking to her husband, who was both deaf and dumb, with one hand only, as quickly if not quicker than we could talk. A touch at the ear where the earring was meant a woman, a stroke over the upper lip where a moustache should be, a man. After a week or so, I had finished my work, and then had another four days' boar-shooting close to Cape Spartel and the hilly country between there and Shaf el la Khab, and narrowly escaped being ripped open by a wounded and infuriated wild boar ; but that is another story, as Kipling says. I now had to make arrangements to have all my curios and pictures packed and shipped off, and after several farewell dinner-parties at the various Legations I took the Geb el Tarik to dear old Gib and paid a visit to the artillery mess to make a present to them of my Barbary

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ape, which being an animal with perfect manners was gladly accepted. I regret to say that she, being a lady, took to liking port, and as the drink habit grew upon her died about twelve months later a victim to it. Not lost, but gone before.

A week later, I was in London, able to rest from my long journey and to visit my greatly missed Clubs and friends again.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE AND SPORT IN MOROCCO, AND HUNTING THE WILD BOAR

My first visit to Morocco was in 1886. I put up at the Villa de France Hotel at Tangier, overlooking the Souk town and harbour, with the Kasbah and its Armstrong batteries of heavy guns frowning towards the Straits. Some years ago the Moorish Government thought it a good thing to do away with the foreign protected Moorish subjects, mostly Jews, who made themselves useful to the various Legations as tradesmen and otherwise. So the Basha had several of these protected ones thrown into prison, and he selected as the least dangerous nation for this experiment the United States of America. In those days the only U.S.A. war-vessel that had ever come to visit the Mediterranean was an old wooden tub so crank that it was no more safe to let it cross the Atlantic again. It had been a sailing-ship, but had an auxiliary engine put into it, and was armed with old-fashioned carronades and two of those extraordinary American guns

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fashioned for all the world like one of Schweppe's soda-water bottles, and first introduced into the American Navy by Admiral Faragut, I believe. When the poor unfortunate victims were put to languish in that dog's hole of a prison in Tangier, the wrath of the American Minister, Mr. C. Mathew, grew great, and he sent a demand to the Basha for an immediate release of those martyrs, who were under the protection of the Spread Eagle and Stars and Stripes, or otherwise he would have to send for the American Navy to reduce Tangier into a dust-heap. The release was curtly refused, and the Minister accredited to the Court of Morocco by the United States of America therefore sent wires to every port of the Mediterranean and requested that the dread-nought of wood and canvas should at once come and uphold "Old Glory." In due time the tub limped along, and after a while succeeded in anchoring in the bay. A royal salute was fired by the batteries, and answered by the guns of the man-o'-war. Then the Minister went on board and laid his complaint before the captain, and demanded the immediate bombardment of the ancient town. The captain considered, and suggested that it would perhaps be best first of all to send an ultimatum. This was sent, and answered by a courteous reply and invitation by the Basha to the Minister and officers representing the

U.S.A. Navy to lunch in the Kasbah. This was accepted, and they all trooped up to the castle, where a sumptuous *déjeuner* was set before them with the very best of wines. After luncheon, the Minister thought this an appropriate moment to bring the matter of the release of the prisoners before the Basha, who replied that it would be considered later, after he had shown his guests over the castle and the batteries that encircled it towards the sea and bay. A move was made, and the beautiful interior of the palace inspected. It had all been restored a year previously in the most perfect manner in preparation for the Sultan Mulai Hassan. After that, the Basha took them to the batteries. The guns were all ready for action, powder and shell were placed for instant use, and the gun crews were standing by. The first battery was one of six 32-ton guns, the next one of sixteen 18-ton guns, all made by Armstrong & Co. of Newcastle, and then quite modern. There were numerous other batteries as well of more antiquated cannon. The Basha took the captain and American officers up to the guns and asked them if they did not think them beautiful weapons, and he assured them his gunners were splendid shots, as they had been trained at Gibraltar. He also asked them to observe the ease with which these monsters could be trained and the beautiful and delicate

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sighting, and begged them to observe how so unwieldy a thing could be aimed almost at a fly on a ship-side. When they glanced along the sights, they saw that every gun was trained on to the dear old tub below, and that one shot of a 32-ton gun would have sent that antiquated, rotten old hulk with its two 40-pounders to Davy Jones's locker. The American representative of the navy left that evening, and the prisoners remained in prison.

The pig-sticking and wild-boar shooting had for years always been under the mastership of the English Minister, and about sixteen miles from Tangier there were two villages, near to the hunting-grounds of Awarra and Shaf el la Khab where all the pig-sticking took place, that were under British protection, the inhabitants giving in return their services as beaters for the hunts. During the winter season a camp was formed for a week in each month on the higher ground of Awarra, and then for four days we did pig-sticking, *i.e.* Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, with Wednesday and Saturday as days of rest on which we shot snipe and partridges or quail. These camps were jolly affairs, and the dinners with the bonfire and singsong round it afterwards never to be forgotten. It was great fun also to see the men and boys jump over the fire when it had been well built up and the flames

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had been made to shoot up high. In the morning the beaters would assemble early and enclose a large stretch of cover with their bobby pack of dogs of all kinds, from the greyhound to the pariah. The spears being then all posted, a shot would start the beat, and soon the yelping of the dogs and shouts of the men would tell us that game was afoot. Presently a boar would break through, and the spears between whom he broke would then ride him, the head belonging to him who got first spear. When you see a boar going along, it seems to you that you would easily overhaul him by trotting after him, but I assure you you have to gallop pretty hard to get alongside, and your spear has to be pretty sharp to force it through piggy's tough hide.

One of the best days I remember was eleven fine boars, and not a sow amongst them, falling to nine spears before lunch. Even in India this would have been considered an extraordinarily good bag. At another time two boars had taken refuge in the middle of the Shaf el la Khab Lake, a large but very shallow sheet of water, where they lay amongst the reeds with only their snouts above the water. We formed a line of about twelve spears to try and put the boars up, when one, a very large one, jumped up between myself and Jack Green, and charging my horse, knocked it and me clean over. There I lay under water,

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with the horse on the top of me kicking for all it was worth at the boar, which tried again and again to rip it open. At last Jack Green got his spear in, and one or two others coming up the boar was soon dispatched and I rescued, although in a half-drowned condition.

I witnessed once an interesting sight. It was when Prince Albert Victor, then an officer in the Rifle Brigade, was stationed with his battalion at Gibraltar, and he came over to Tangier for a week's sport after the wild pig. We had galloped a boar for some three or four miles, and piggy had become blown and then stood at bay in a large boxwood bush to get his wind again. We were standing, about six of us, round the bush waiting for him to break cover, when one of the Moors, many of whom always hunted with us, backed his horse and jumped it on to the bush. The boar broke cover and came out between the Prince and a Mr. Brooke. The Prince was riding a horse belonging to Sir William Green, and this as well as Mr. Brooke's had been ripped by boars on former occasions. Both these horses, as the boar suddenly appeared, went down on their knees and fastened on to the pig with their teeth, worrying it like a dog. They evidently had no intention of letting a boar have another chance of getting under their bodies. The late Sir John Drummond Hay, who had been for many years

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British Minister at the Court of Morocco, was one day knocked over by a boar which ripped him with one slash from his left hip to his right shoulder, laying the whole of his back open, a wound that it took him many weeks to recover from.

When, after a week's sticking, the pigs had been all routed out and had withdrawn towards the rocky and wooded fastnesses that were quite unrideable near Cape Spartel, we had boar-shoots every Saturday, which after a week or two drove them back again to Awarra. At one of the beats, when all the guns, after the drive was over, met and discussed the details, a young sub. exclaimed, "I say, Sir William, I nearly got that lion." "What do you mean?" said Sir William. "There are no lions here." "Well," said the youthful soldier, "all I can say is that I fired at him and saw him as plain as a pikestaff, and I am still quite sober!" The ground was examined, and there in a soft spot were the puggs of a lion clearly discernible. Immediately a new drive was organised, and the lion was put up and killed by some of the Moors. He must have wandered an enormous distance from the mountains in a south-easterly direction beyond Fez, where they are occasionally found.

On another occasion when I was late, and, with a young man called Jack Edwards, arrived

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after the hunt and beat had already started, the Moor that accompanied us advised us to remain at the foot of a deep depression between two hills, as he said that the pig, which we guessed by the noise had already been put up, were sure to come down this gap. There were two bushes, a small one near the summit, and a larger about twenty yards across near the end. Soon, sure enough, a boar topped the summit and came along with some dogs after him. He came through the first bush and the next, and Jack on one side and I on the other both made elaborate misses at him; so he got away.

Within a short while another grizzled fine old boar came along with a pack of some twenty or more dogs after him, and also two Moors running on foot behind. He pierced the first bush, but remained at bay in the second fighting the dogs. One of the Moors entered the bush to drive him out. The bushes being rather high, I could not see his movements, but when he must have got nearly to the centre the Moor suddenly began to yell at the top of his voice. I shouted to Jack that we would have to go in and help. "Not I," he shouted back, "not for any damn nigger in the world." Well, I could not see the man being killed, so I laid down my rifle, and having a large, heavy, and useful hunting-knife with an edge as keen as a razor, I went in, and after a few yards

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came upon the boar fighting the dogs. I threw myself upon him, grasping him by one ear, and drove my knife well in under his right foreleg. He reared back and tried to get at me, but I clung to him like a leech, holding to his ear and riding him, grasping 'im with my knees as firmly as I could. When he stopped for a moment to gather new energy, I took the opportunity and drove the knife in again. This last stroke did for him, and with a groan he rolled on his side and gave up the ghost.

All this time the Moor stood a few yards away, still shrieking for all he was worth. I got up and went over to him, thinking he had been wounded by the boar; but he stood there unharmed, and at his feet lay the head of a nigger. It happened that three men had done the pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina from Tangier. When after their long wanderings they got near their native town, one, a nigger, confessed that he had three dollars sewn up in the hem of his garment, and this though they had often been starving through want of money to buy food. So his companions fell upon him and killed him, and threw his head into this bush, as it happened that it was close upon the road to Arzila.

The Moors are quite awake to the advantage that an English or American breechloader will

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give them, as a sporting gun, compared to their long-barrelled flintlocks, and the Moors who regularly rode with us pig-sticking preferred an English saddle of pigskin and an English spear and spurs to those of home manufacture. However, I have seen a Moor going well after pig with a spear whose head was made out of an old knife, and with a pointed stick stuck in between his foot and slipper as a spur, and holding his own barebacked against those who were better mounted and equipped. Why is it that a boar will always rather face a Moor, no matter how dirty, than a European? I suppose the scent of the European is more disagreeable to him than the wiffy smell of an African whose jellabah perhaps has not been off his body for weeks and not washed since it was bought, perhaps many months or even years ago. I have noticed this also with game in all parts of the world. These Moors are the most fearless of riders. I have seen one galloping after a pig helter-skelter at an angle of forty-five degrees down a hillside that was covered with loose rubble, as if he were galloping on the flat, while we were glad to walk our horses at a zigzag course down it. At another time a Moor challenged me to a race over a river bed covered with loose stones varying in size from those as large as your fist to others two or three feet in

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diameter. He would gallop along, his horse often missing a foothold altogether with one foot, but never a stumble or slip. These barbs are wonderfully sure-footed and hardy, and will outstay for hard work any English horse.

The Shereef of Wazan attended all the pig-sticking camps, but I never saw him attempt to get at a pig with his spear although he always carried one, and had his negro body-servant constantly riding behind him carrying several spare ones. When we shot boar near Cape Spartel he always turned out, but seldom let his gun off. One day a boar broke cover within a few yards of him. The animal stood there looking at the Shereef, and the saint looked at him, but never pulled a trigger, until the boar disgusted at such inattention turned round and slowly trotted away. "Why didn't you shoot?" I asked the Shereef later. "Allah whispered to me that this boar's time had not yet come, and that he will be reserved yet for some good action," he replied. This boar had an exceptionally fine pair of tusks.

After every meeting it is the custom of the beaters to collect the guns or spears of the newcomers. The spears if they have been blooded, and guns if they have been fired at a boar, are then put up for auction, and the owners have to buy them in for a sovereign or so. The money

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so obtained is then divided amongst the beaters to compensate them for the loss of some of their dogs, of which a number are always killed with the deadly tusks of the pigs at these hunts.

One of the most regular attendants amongst the Moors of our hunt was a wealthy noble who had once been Governor of Arzila, about twenty-two miles from Tangier. He possessed a very pretty wife, and as she disliked the dirty little town of Arzila, where she had no company whatever, and preferred the gayer town of Tangier, she remained in the latter city, and her husband rode over frequently to see her. One day he noticed that she had some European jewellery. He searched her wardrobes, and discovered endless trinkets of every kind distinctly of English or French manufacture. He made inquiries, and ultimately discovered that, with the aid of an old woman who hawked curios to the Europeans visiting Tangier, she had made the acquaintance of many a gay spark, and that more than one subaltern from Gib had spent part of his pay to satisfy her desire for these ornaments. So the deceived husband, whose horns by this time had penetrated his turban and no doubt would eventually grow to such a size that he would not be able to pass under the proverbial Porte St. Martin in Paris, placed his deceitful spouse in a sack, tied her on the back of a pack-mule,

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and took a ride into the country. He returned like the smiling Lady of Niger, with the smile transferred to his face, and alone; and another scandal in Tangier high life was satisfactorily settled.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CRUISE OF THE *HEATHERBELL*—I

TOWARDS the end of 1888 I received an invitation from my friend the late John Chandler—commonly known as “the Commodore,” and one of the best—to accompany him on a yachting trip into the Mediterranean on his yacht the *Heatherbell*, a steamer of 285 tons burden. Amongst the company on board besides the owner was Lord Headley, called by us “Shordlip” for short; the late Sir Richard Mansel, called “the Bart”; Dr. Burland called “Pills”; the late Mr. Charles Kerr, artist, called “Recorder,” as he was the son of the late Recorder of the City of London Court; Ernest Lintz, artist, called “Chang” on account of his small stature; and myself.

We started late one Sunday from Shoreham, and on leaving the harbour we began by carrying a good deal of the breakwater out to sea with us. I must mention here that Chandler during dinner informed us that we had no certificated captain on board, and he had decided to work the yacht by Committee. Moreover, the yacht was not

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insured! The decision of the first Committee meeting, after consuming a good deal of the fifty dozen of Pommery and Greno the Commodore had taken on board, was that Cowes should be our first halt. It was dark when we started, and daylight when we found ourselves off the Needles, so turning back, and after having a good try to run down a collier and several smaller craft, we at last anchored safely in Cowes harbour in time for breakfast ashore at the Gloster Hotel. After breakfast we sallied forth, and the Commodore bought two long brass ship's guns of about 3-inch bore, as he said we were going along the Barbary coast, both in the Atlantic and where the piratical Riffs inhabit the mountains along the coast of Northern Morocco in the Mediterranean, and they would come in useful for a little amateur work in putting down piracy. The only difficulty was that we could not get any shrapnel or percussion shell for our "long Toms." This was, however, remedied when we got them on board, through the discovery that various bottles, empty of course, of our "medical comforts," fitted nicely down the muzzles. One of these, when filled with gunpowder, with an iron wire passed through the cork into a copper cap taken from a cartridge-case, pressing against the bottom of the bottle, would probably be a fair substitute for a percussion shell, and certainly form a novelty in that line.



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"INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH CAMP." *Robert Browning.*

RATISBON.

From a painting by R. CATON WOODVILLE.



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We started that very night, again by Committee orders, after dark for Plymouth, and arrived there in a gale early next morning. We got into the harbour all right, and were there storm-bound for three days. These days showed us enough of Plymouth and the hospitality of its Army and Navy officers, and fearing for our stock of Pomery, we left in the teeth of a gale for Brest, hoping to arrive there early next morning.

Dawn of day came, and with it most awful weather. We saw through the driving mist and spray that we were surrounded on every side by rocks, and by some miracle had escaped making near acquaintance, so far, with any of them, and we, the Committee, decided that we must be between Ushant and the mainland. After stationing two men with long poles in the bows to feel for rocks below the surface and give warning if we were about to ram, we slowed down to about two knots an hour. With full daylight, we saw on our port side, about four miles away, the wreck of a large steamer hard and fast on the rocks, and separated from us by a far-stretching reef, apparently full of people. Where we were it was impossible to turn round to go to their assistance, so there was no help for it but to go on. We went on, "rocks to the right of us, rocks to the left of us, someone had blundered"! Towards night we got into clearer water, and

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after a few hours reached Brest, where we at once reported the wreck, and the French authorities immediately dispatched several tugs and a steamer, in spite of night and awful storm, to the assistance of the vessel. It turned out afterwards she was an emigrant ship, and all on board, including most of their possessions, were saved.

Brest proved to us also to be a ripping place, full of hospitality and good nature, and the French officers of both services were equal in *camaraderie* to our own, so that again, to our great delight, we were storm-bound for several days.

It happened at Plymouth that we had to dismiss our steward for drunkenness, and the only remaining servant that we had on board was my man, an ex-trooper from the 19th Hussars named Gardner, called "Cholmondeley Beauchamp" for short, on account of his striking likeness, in looks and habits, to several noblemen of our acquaintance. He shared his bunk with Dick the ship's poodle, who was christened after the stormy passage of the Channel, by Beauchamp, "Sick the pip's doodle." But Dick never really grew to like the sea, and always longed for that quiet corner on the banks of the Seine by the Pont Neuf where his locks had been so often sheared.

So we telegraphed from Plymouth the night we left, for Lord Headley's servant, Ziegler, of doubtful nationality, to take the departed one's

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place, and to join us at Brest overland from Calais. Now I cannot say if C. B. was jealous of him and had not sent the wire all right; at any rate, Ziegler never turned up at Brest, and after leaving a message for him to join us at St. Nazaire, we left, with our friend the storm-cone flying as usual half-mast high on shore—a state of things we were now rapidly getting to make a hobby of! After us came a big collier, but when he got outside and saw what it looked like, he declined to follow our lead, and put back.

We started at dusk, and at about eleven that night the Committee decided that we really ought not to risk going near the coast after dark, especially as our position was very doubtful, the risk certain, and the expense enormous, so in spite of weather and Ziegler, who might turn up there next day, we continued across the bay for either Bilbao or Oporto. All went well, and we sighted a few vessels the next day, but none within reach of our guns, except one surly brute, to whom we signalled, to ask where we were, and who simply ignored us. So we tried the range of one of our long Toms on him, but our shells didn't seem to carry enough weight, and fell flat.

We all turned in early that evening, and I was just in my first beauty sleep, when I dreamed that someone was driving a pile through our

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ship's bottom with a steam-hammer, as the bumping seemed to come with such marked regularity. When I woke, I thought with horror that some of our precious cases of "medical comforts" must have got loose in the hold. This decided it; so I dressed and went on deck.

A heavy Atlantic swell was running mountains high. There was a vast turmoil of water, with our usual accompaniment of a heavy gale; the deck of the yacht was deserted, so also was the bridge, and the wheel was securely lashed to keep the ship in a south-westerly course. Every time she dipped into a trough, she took a large sea on board which threatened to wash away our deck-house, yet the first and second officers and all of our sixteen men—crew—were slumbering peacefully below, as likewise were the rest of the Committee.

I mounted the bridge, unlashed the wheel and turned the boat round to run before the storm, and then again fastened the wheel. I was descending to the deck when I was joined by my friend the Recorder and our faithful C. B., who had some idea that disaster was looming up. I at once took charge again, and like Mark Twain, tired as I was, consented to superintend, and so directed them to see what the terrible bumping was. It appeared that the starboard anchor davit had snapped off and the anchor had dropped over-

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board entangled in a mass of chains and cables. Every time the yacht rose on a sea the anchor hit against her bottom, swung out again, and again assaulted our "biscuit box" of one-eighth steel plate, on her rearing up against the next mountain of water.

The Recorder and C. B. then set to work to rouse the crew and the rest of the Committee. Pills was the first to arrive on deck with a mattress to stuff into any leak—no doubt from the outside. The Committee decided then that the best thing to do was to get the anchor on board again, and as it was hopelessly entangled in the chains and cables, and the donkey-engine was there for ornamental purposes only, there was no help for it but to do the work by hand. So another cable and a few chains were slung round the emblem of hope, and, after a prolonged struggle reminding one of a tug-of-war, it was got on deck, as were also most of the bulwarks on the starboard side.

The Commodore, who until then had vainly offered the yacht for sale, even at the price of a cab fare, without finding a buyer, here came out nobly. After posting a fair number of the crew to watch the other anchor davit, and requesting that either the first or second officer would be kind enough to take the wheel, a request that had for its ending one that Boatswain

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Chucks might have envied, he suggested that this would be a fitting moment to celebrate the occasion with the opening of another of our Pommery cases. The Committee then descended to the saloon, and it was then and there decided, by a majority, that one of the members should always, in future, be ready dressed within call in the saloon to come on deck in case of any great emergency.

The next morning the weather was, if anything, worse, and we again signalled to a passing vessel to ask where we were, but I suppose they were all asleep on board, until the Bart suggested that it might be a derelict and we might make a little salvage money. He always had weird ideas, so when we declined to do Lloyd's a turn, he suggested that our vessel was particularly cut out for a pirate ship and we had better hoist the Jolly Roger with the skull and cross-bones at once. However, we let her go; she was out of range of our guns, and moreover, when we had turned towards her, she sheered off and ran before us, showing us clean heels. So we steered sou'-west again, and towards evening came near to the Spanish coast, and through the glass made out a town. But as the coast looked uninviting, and as we doubted if there were a garrison station there, we steered dead west, giving the coast a wide berth, and when the latter turned due south

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we knew that the Bay of Biscay at last was crossed and we were now going for Oporto. Poor Ziegler, we heard afterwards, got as far as Bilbao, but the impolite British Consul there refused to believe his story that he had come to that town to join a British yacht. So after waiting there for a fortnight and trying to earn an honest living by selling match-boxes, running errands, and teaching languages with only a slight knowledge of German and English, he failed entirely, and after a further enforced detention, this time by the town authorities, he had to work his way back to England as a deck-hand on a dirty collier with a cargo of iron ore, to wait for his deserting master's return.

This is what we heard at Lisbon when we wired to Bilbao for him to come to Lisbon, or failing us there, to inquire for us at Tangier. Of course he would have to make his way as a pauper, as we did not know if any money would ever reach him, and the last we had sent him had given out at St. Nazaire.

Never mind,—C. B. had thoroughly learned and mastered by now all the rudiments of managing and navigating a vessel from us, and the Committee could completely trust and rely on him. I think for a handy man—of course after a Jack Tar—give me an old trooper: what he does not know is not worth

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knowing, and this one thoroughly deserved the title of old soldier.

God bless you, C. B.,
Wherever you be.
No doubt you got often,
And deserved it, C.B.

We coasted the shore of Portugal, and at last one morning early came within view of Cintra, a familiar sight to most of us from the deck of P. & O. steamers, so now we knew where we were, and safely entered the Tagus. As we steamed up the mouth of the river, we were struck by the idea of showing the Portuguese what we were made of, and that we had come to stop. So on sighting a Portuguese cruiser, we ran our brass guns on to the starboard side, and loading them with pints of Pommery, and greasing their mouths well to make them speak loudly on passing the cruiser, we fired our broadside into her when within fifty yards or so. Our shells burst beautifully to our wild cheers, and after proudly listening to the man-o'-war beating to quarters, and proceeding another sixty or seventy yards, we dropped our anchors and made ourselves into a proper state to receive boarders. They soon came, in the shape of a launch full of tars and marines. Our gangway was lowered, and on board stepped several smart officers, who after informing us that we had committed an act of war, promptly placed us under

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arrest, and when they departed placed a guard of marines on board. We then had visions of being led off in chains and tried by court martial as pirates and filibusters and ordered off to instant execution. I pictured myself standing defiant with my arms crossed, like the pictures I had often seen in Austria outside wax-work shows, of the Emperor Maximilian standing before his Mexican executioners when President Juarez had him shot. We called a full Committee meeting to deal with this emergency, and it was decided, and no sooner said than done, to draw up a brilliantly designed and illuminated address to His Majesty the King, the Portuguese Government, and the Admiralty, to whom we explained that it was owing to the exuberance of spirits after our many hairbreadth escapes that we wished to let them know in this way that we had safely arrived in their beautiful river and of our great desire to rechristen their cruiser. We then begged the captain of the man-o'-war graciously to convey this as a full and no doubt acceptable explanation to Lisbon. If he would not do so, the leader of the expedition answering to the name of Ziegler, who was hourly expected by land, might willingly be left by us as a hostage, to be dealt with as the law might desire.

CHAPTER XV

THE CRUISE OF THE *HEATHERBELL*—II

WE sat down in the saloon intending to make our wills, and the tramp of the marine sentries on deck sounded discordant in our ears. The Commodore again offered the yacht for sale, as he said she surely would be confiscated by the Portuguese Government. If only Ziegler had arrived something might have been done, but even that consolation was denied to us. It was about eleven o'clock when we suddenly heard many voices and footsteps on deck, and the faithful C. B. descended, announcing several Portuguese officers. They came in smiling to announce that in consideration of our beautifully executed epistle the Portuguese Government had decided that honour was satisfied and our explanations fully accepted. Here was an excellent chance for the Commodore, who as usual came nobly forward, and our old friend Pommery had to affix the seal to this fresh treaty of peace.

Shortly after the Portuguese Navy had left our yacht, we suddenly saw a steam pinnace

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flying the royal standard of Portugal coming alongside, and on deck stepped a good-looking fair young man, who was announced by the A.D.C. accompanying him as the Crown Prince Dom Carlos of Portugal. Here indeed was an honour for us, and we had visions of being raised to the rank of grandees, instead of being shot. The Prince informed the Commodore that he was expecting a new yacht from England, and that when we entered the harbour that morning he thought she had arrived. However, he would like to look over our vessel, and we all did our best to show off her qualities and tell him about the great difficulties we had in getting so far South, which we certainly could not have succeeded in doing if it had not been for our superior seamanship.

On entering the saloon, he was astonished at the display of our armaments on the walls. There were rifles, pistols, and guns of all calibres and sizes, repeating and single, double or revolving. He was a great admirer of firearms of a good quality, being "a mighty hunter before the Lord" and a splendid shot, and expressed a great desire to try some of them. So we went on deck, where Chandler, the day being very hot and there being a great amount of ice on board, had ordered a brave array of Pommery to be paraded. We soon emptied

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some bottles, and the "dead marines" being thrown overboard, we started pistol and rifle practice at them. Dom Carlos proved himself a splendid shot with both weapons, and soon all the bottles available had sunk shattered to the bottom. By that time lunch was ready, and the Prince expressed himself delighted to take it with us. It was a merry feast, and he told during the meal some ripping good yarns. His English was really very good.

After lunch, he made for Chandler a sketch of his yacht from memory, and it was wonderful how correct he was in every detail. Seeing a roulette-table on board, he suggested having a little game for small stakes, and then the Prince could hardly make a mistake,—*le Roi gagne et la Banque perd*. After this, we had more firing at the empties, until the A.D.C. suggested that it surely was too hot for the Prince on board, and he might perhaps forget his other appointments. When he went over the side, he shook us all warmly by the hand and expressed a wish he might see us on another occasion. This wish so overcame the Commodore that he assured Dom Carlos "he would always in future make a point of calling on him, if he were in those parts again."

That evening we took the yacht to Lisbon, anchored in front of the Square, and went on shore and dined at the Hotel de Braganza, where

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we drank success to the Portuguese Navy and toasted often and long His Majesty the King. We returned late that night on board, and let me here warn people who have dined not wisely but too well, not to cross the great Square in Lisbon but to go round it, as the ornamentation of its tessellated pavement, with its snaky windings, must surely have been designed by a teetotaller.

The next day we spent in sight-seeing, and in the evening drove to Cintra, the Brighton of Lisbon, but a very much overrated place. Still, the surroundings quite knock the stuffing out of the Devil's Dyke and Shoreham and Rottingdean, much as those places may be admired by the tired London stockbroker who takes his week-end niece for a breath of fresh air to our "Londres sur Mer." After two days in Lisbon we decided to go on, and dropping down to Cascaes and steaming out into the Atlantic, met with our now usual luck again, the worst of weather. We thought we would face it, but when a mountain of a sea nearly washed three of us off the bridge, we decided to go back, and so did a big liner that had put out at the same time as we did.

In the evening we met at the hotel an acquaintance we had made in London, who was an attaché at the Portuguese Legation there. He introduced us to the local Club, where a kind of baccarat game was played, only with dice instead of cards.

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We were led like lambs to the slaughter, but as luck would have it we all more or less steadily won. Again and again the banker was changed, and each new banker always produced a new set of dice from his waistcoat pocket, but nothing stopped our luck. At last, when it struck three, with our pockets more or less full of gold and Portuguese paper representing I believe, collectively, unitedly, and individually, several millions of reis, we said good-night to our sad and disappointed hosts, and after inviting them all more or less to lunch on board the next day, promised them their revenge at our roulette-table.

The next day the weather again was bad and boisterous outside, and with midday our guests arrived in several shore-boats. We had provided a plain but substantial lunch, and Chandler again broached one of our best Pommery and Greno cases to do justice to the beauty of the ladies, several of whom had accompanied their admirers on board. After the lunch was over and the wine was done, we started our friends on their track of revenge. "Faites vos jeux, messieurs," and the game was started. A scion of Portuguese nobility insisted on taking the bank, and not many coups had been played before a cool hundred had changed hands, especially when Dick Mansel and I both backed the same number in every possible way. The Count swore long

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and deep, and declared he would like to become a punter, so the bank went into the hands of a Syndicate. The Count now backed the number we had won on for all he was worth, and after another 125,000 reis had gone, sat down dejectedly in a corner, consoled by a fair and beautiful lady and a bottle of the "Boy." Both, however, seemed incapable of instilling the joy of life into him afresh. The game went on uninterruptedly until eight o'clock, when a move was made for supper. It is a curious thing that, whenever a man plays without any special wish or reason to win, he mostly wins, yet the man or woman who plays to fill his or her pockets, to pay a debt of honour, or to stave off disgrace, invariably loses. Not that I mean to insinuate that our guests had come with any such intention. Far from it; they took their bad luck cheerfully and only seemed to desire more of it. But the best of friends must part, and at four that morning our ship's boats took them on shore, and if the boats had been upset I am sure the weight of their pockets would not have dragged them down into the blue deep.

The next day the weather had cleared, and we had a fine run to Cadiz and up the Guadalquivir to Seville. We anchored close to the Bull-ring, and landed to do the City of the Khalifs. After dinner, we went to the theatre, and all seven

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of us were wedged into a box that would have only held two comfortably. We sent Garibaldi, our courier, whom we had picked up in Lisbon, to the box office to ask for an additional box, but he came back and said the manager had pointed out to him that it was quite against the customs and rules that a party should be broken up. After explaining that if we all drew in breath at the same time the partitions of the box that divided us from the next would certainly burst, if the balustrade did not tumble on the heads of the pit below, he condescended to let the uncivilised English have another box for an additional eight pesetas, or seven and eightpence, and as this happened to be the royal one, we at last got fairly comfortable and began to take some interest in the audience and the play. Our own and only doctor here got attracted by a pair of fiery eyes that glanced over a fan in his direction, and decided that it was ridiculous to have supper alone when he could do this *à deux*, so the faithful Garibaldi was dispatched by him with a note, written in execrable French, to the effect that "would the lady with the black fan and the yellow flower in her hair, do him," etc. etc. After a while, Garibaldi came back pale and trembling, and said, "Look 'ere, sir, you seed tat man in ze pit wit tat long navaja (knife) in his belt? Tat is Mazzantini, te big bull-fighter, he know how to use a knife well ;

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tat lady his admirata, he never laugh!" Pills felt sleepy at once and thought he had better go to bed, and so he did. After a drive through the city by moonlight and a visit to some of its cafés, we also sought repose, and agreed to be early astir and see the great Mazzantini and Lagartijo kill their bulls on the morrow.

About the bull-fight the next day I have little to say. I have seen many in my time and they have a certain attraction for me, but in so far only that I would give anything to see the bull get the better of one of the bull-fighters and reverse the tables for once. One of the bulls three times jumped the inside barrier like a deer, and each time nearly cleared half the bull-ring of its spectators before he was driven into the ring again. There was once a bull-fighter who used to face the bull with a leaping-pole, rising on the pole as the bull charged, and as the pole was knocked away from under him he used to land on his feet behind the animal. But one day there came a bull who evidently thought this poor sport, so after he had charged twice without any particular fun for himself, he stopped short when the toreador rose again on his pole, and eyeing his tormentor on the top requested him to come down. This the bull-fighter had to do, much against his will. His funeral took place the next afternoon.

The pay of these toreadors is extremely high.

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The foremost ones receive three or four hundred pounds sterling for every day they fight, not to mention that the fairest women of the land are mostly more or less at their feet.

In the afternoon the next day we went to see the tobacco factory, and just as we arrived at the gate we were met by Garibaldi. It may be as well to mention that we called him that for short. His real name sounded to our delicate ears too profane, although he assured us that he was descended from the Cid Campeador. He informed us that the authorities had placed a military guard over the girls in the factory, with fixed bayonets and their rifles loaded with ball cartridge, as a strike was imminent, and the arrival of a party of seven Englishmen of such distinction might fan the slumbering spark into a bright flame. As we were turning crestfallen away, Garibaldi suddenly had one of his bright ideas. "Does any of you gentlemen resemble H.R.H the Duke of —? because I have a card of his in my pocket, and if I sent this in they would be sure to admit us." We held a council of war and elected Lintz to that honour, not because he was at all like the Duke, far from it; but as he alone had a stiff linen collar on, that distinction deserved the temporary elevation. After a while, the manager met us, hat in hand, and conducted us through the thousands of smiling girls and women, some with their babies

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in their cradles beside them, sitting at small tables rolling cigars and cigarettes, with a vaulted roof over their heads, an altar with burning candles at the end of the hall, and soldiers leaning on their rifles watching the proceedings and presenting arms when we passed. Altogether it made a most curious picture. As we left, and just as we were driving away, Garibaldi suddenly stopped the carriage and bolted back into the factory, returning after a short time smiling and explaining that he had intimated to the manager that H.R.H. the Duke had another call to make and would he therefore kindly return him his card. And of course the official hastened to do so.

The next day we steamed to Gibraltar and anchored in front of the Ragged Staff Battery. Here I met my old friend Boulnois, who had been with me all through Morocco, and as he invited us to an evening at the R.A. Mess, we had a most ripping time. After a drive to Algeciras the next day, we went to a bull-fight, where I saw the most lovely woman I have ever seen or ever shall see. When a Spanish woman is beautiful, she can hardly be surpassed. We returned on board to entertain to dinner the R.A. Mess. The evening was long and furious, and about 4 a.m. I offed it to my bunk. I woke at the bidding of the faithful Gardner, and when I entered the saloon what a sight met me there!

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On couches, in chairs, under the tables, on the tables, wherever you looked, lay artillery officers, from the senior captain to the latest joined subaltern, all in their mess-kits and all joining in a loud chorus of snores. I went to my cabin for my bugle, returned and sounded the officers' mess call, when all jumped up and were awake in a second. This was Sunday morning, so Gardner, Garibaldi, and half the crew were dispatched on shore, to collect their mufti for our guests, so as to enable them to get to their quarters without creating too much notice. After "a hair from the dog that bit us" and a good breakfast, the clothes arrived, and we all proceeded on shore and to church parade. After lunch, we decided to run to Malaga and Algiers, so having loaded our guns with our glass shells, we thought we would give Gibraltar a parting salute. Our shells burst beautifully just below an antiquated 80-ton gun, when up went the signal to "stop that yacht," and the old tub, the *Grappler*, beat to quarters to overhaul us. But we had steam up, and could do thirteen knots an hour, whereas that dear old milk-boat of a *Grappler* could barely do nine. We were out and away, and no doubt the Governor was glad to get rid of us, so not even the proverbial shot across our bows was fired to arrest us. The *Grappler*, though, came out of the harbour to see if we

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had really gone, and being satisfied on that score returned.

After a short if uneventful stay at Malaga, we crossed over to the Algerian coast, and landed in several out-of-the-way places where we had capital sport with partridges and lesser bustard, and also saw some boar, but did not get a chance of a shot. At one place not far from land we came across seven turtles asleep on the water, but when we approached in a boat they sank out of sight. We arrived in Algiers after dusk, and after grating our ship's bottom on some concrete blocks in the harbour mouth, at last were safely anchored, and proceeded on shore for dinner and to see the celebrated Fatima dance. She was the real dancer, and not the fraud that visited London the year before, who was a fat and painted Tunisian Jewess, whereas the real article was a pukka Mohammedan from Biskra. The dance is decidedly interesting. First some of her young pupils danced. They were young girls, two of them extremely pretty and with beautiful, lissom figures. At last the splendid Fatima herself came in and danced. She was a tall woman with a slim, snaky figure, and danced with much grace, and her movements were full of that subtleness that gives expression to the meaning of her movements. After a supper at the Café Atlas, we returned on board. As we got to the water-

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side and blew one whistle for a boat, a figure suddenly crawled into sight from behind some blocks of stone. A more disreputable, dirty, and disgraceful sight one could hardly dream of seeing ; for before us, looking like the veriest and dirtiest of tramps, was our smart ex-cavalry man Gardner, or what was left of him after a rampage on shore.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CRUISE OF THE *HEATHERBELL*—III

WE tumbled Gardner into the boat and got on board, and were no sooner on deck than it began to blow a sirocco. In a very short time the whole of the deck was covered by a fine sand until it was nearly an inch in depth, and at the same time the buoy to which our yacht was fastened got adrift in the violent gale. We hitched on to another and that got adrift, knocked up against a lighter and that also got adrift, and just as daylight appeared we were merrily bumping away on the concrete blocks of the break-water, bulging the one-eighth steel plates of our yacht in a most dangerous manner. There was no time for sentiment. It happened that the French Mediterranean fleet was in the harbour, so the moment our blue flag went up, Union down, all the ships at once lowered their long-boats with cables and pulled us off. This night's amusement was an expensive one, for besides the two buoys that were seriously damaged, the lighter got a big hole knocked in its bottom, for

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which we all had to pay. After this, we thought we would visit Tangier, so off we started, and arrived the next day just before 3 a.m. I took charge of the wheel, as I thought I knew the harbour and the position of the old mole built in the days when we owned that place and Charles II. was King. It was blown up later. I believe it cost in those days an enormous sum, about two millions sterling in our money. I missed the mole, but ran the yacht hard and fast upon a sandbank. Luckily it was low water, so that the moment the tide rose the yacht was afloat again.

We stayed in Tangier and the neighbourhood about ten days, most of which time was spent in wild-boar shooting, at the farm of the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, and at this we were fairly successful, killing six boars. Lord Headley, on our way to the farm, a thirty-mile ride, was riding far in the rear, when suddenly something hit him hard on the back of his head. He turned round to see who had thrown that brick, when he saw an innocent, harmless old Moor riding along on a donkey. He drew his revolver and made for the poor old chap, when another something hit him in the face, and then he discovered that it was a flight of locusts coming on, and that the Moor was therefore "not guilty."

We left Tangier at four in the morning, after

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breaking open the custom-house, as the Moorish authorities would not let us out, and of course in the teeth of a gale, a regular Levanter blowing down the Mediterranean, and what might be termed a devil of a swell running in from the Atlantic. We were making for Gib, and were just off Tarifa, with two fresh wrecks of Italian emigrant ships in sight, when bang went the wire cable that connected the wheel on the bridge with the steering gear. Our yacht broached broad-side to, and green seas came over us in a most exhilarating manner. The skipper was in tears, the yacht was again offered without reserve for sale, and Gardner on being asked by Lord Headley from the bridge where we were, replied, "Half-way to the bottom, sir!" It took nearly three-quarters of an hour before the stern wheel was adjusted and we were under way again. The sea was too bad for us to render assistance to the wrecks, so we hastened all speed to Gib, where we arrived at 7 a.m., and several tugs were at once dispatched to the casualties.

From Gib we went again to Malaga, and paid a visit to Granada and the Alhambra. We stayed at the Washington, and here it was that Lord Headley shone again as an adviser to the wasteful young man. He went about Granada in a most picturesque costume. A cowboy hat, a blue flannel shirt with a large sunflower em-

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broidered on its breast, a broad belt with a bowie knife suspended therefrom, a pair of brown trousers cut off at the knees and not seamed again, with odd stockings on his legs, leaving the knee bare. Round his waist (a rather bulky one), suspended by bits of string, hung ends of salami and pieces of bread, his lunch, which he munched contentedly on the steps of Charles the Fifth's ruined palace, while we ate ours in comfort at the hotel. When we left Granada and our bills were presented, we found that they charged us all the uniform price of ten pesetas *per diem* pension, and Lord Headley's bill was the same as if he had had every meal in the house. He nearly created a riot in Granada before we left. He had boxed a boy's ears for laughing at him, and the infuriated father had collected his friends and acquaintances to wreak vengeance upon his Lordship, who had taken refuge in a pastry-cook's shop, and teach him manners at the point of their navajas. This was where we came in. We formed a hollow square round the member of the Upper House and escorted him under guard back to the hotel, admonishing him not to go about dressed in opera-bouffe style in a place where the chimney-pot and frock-coat seemed to be *de règle*.

From Malaga we went back to Gib, and from there to Rabat, the stronghold of the ancient



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H.M. KING GEORGE V.

From a painting by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

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Barbary corsairs. Rabat is, next to Marrakesh and Fez, one of the largest cities in Morocco. Here I made the acquaintance of a Scotch renegade, who went by the name of Abdul Kerim Grant. He had quite become a Moor, lived like one, married a Moorish woman, and attended the Mosque regularly. As we sat sipping that beastly sweet Moorish tea with mint and any quantity of sugar in it, and eating the very sweetest of sweetmeats, a rather pretty Moorish woman crossed the patio, and upon my remarking that she was rather a pretty girl he replied that it was his wife. I expressed a desire to be presented to her, upon which he remarked, "We Mohammedans believe in the saying that it is not wise to show to others what we love and treasure, for fear it might be taken away from us."

Here also in a Moorish café I saw a curious personality. I was sitting there with Kaid Alan Maclean when a man who looked like a Moor entered, squatted down, and began playing upon a guitar and singing in a cracked voice some lively Spanish airs and love songs. I inquired how it was a Moor should be able to sing and play these Spanish songs and tunes so well. It turned out that he had been a Spanish soldier at Cadiz, and had shot his superior officer. He got away, after hiding for some weeks in the marshes

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at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, in a Moorish fishing-boat, and the section of soldiers with loaded rifles that he ought to have faced is still waiting for him after forty years' absence from his country to wreak well-merited vengeance upon his now shaven pate.

From Tangier we crossed over to Cascaes, a Spanish watering-place at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, a small town about the size of Rottingdean. The male population is kept strictly away from the women's bathing-place by armed guards who are dressed in the orthodox *costume de bain*. We put off in one of our boats, armed with grapes, chocolates, several bottles of our best and well-iced Pommery, as well as a banjo and guitar, and anchored our boat in the midst of these houris, who received us with open arms. They hung on to our boat, clambered into it, and thoroughly enjoyed the new sensation. The guards were in despair; they ramped about the beach, flourishing their sabres at us, and threatening us with all the vengeance of Spanish law. There were no boats at the place; the nearest to be got were about three miles away. A curious thing in a seaside place where a boat might at any time be wanted to save life. One of the guards had galloped away on a horse to bring one, and after about two hours at last it hove in sight, but we

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had plenty of time in the meantime to entertain a few of the wet *haute volée* of Cascaes to tea on board, after which they were again deposited at a safe distance from shore.

From Cascaes we put out to sea to revisit Lisbon once more and give our gambling friends their revenge. When we got under way, and about six hours' journey from Cascaes, we discovered that although "water, water" was everywhere yet not a drop had we to drink on board. Of course we could fall back on our Pommery, yet it would not have been advisable to fill our crew with that. There was also no meat on board, so Fortnum & Mason had again to come to the rescue in the shape of diseased goose-liver and the merry potted ham-and-chicken. At last the Portuguese coast hove in sight, and soon we were safely anchored again in the Tagus. According to his promise, Chandler and I called upon Dom Carlos, who entertained us right royally to lunch, and was highly amused at the narrative of our adventures.

It is an extraordinary thing the way the Lisbon jarvey drives his carriage. He goes always at full gallop, and never fails to turn a corner on the wheels of one side only. His driving is not suited to nervous old ladies, as it is too exciting, and broken bones before reaching one's destination are almost a certainty.

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From Lisbon we made for Oporto, and there we had a very jolly week of it. We had an excursion up the Douro, and saw the lines of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, but were quite unsuccessful in our search for the two or three millions that were cast over the cliff on this memorable retreat. Here I met an old friend, a mining engineer, going by the name of the Red Man on account of his flaming hair. He was managing a mine near Bilbao, and was just trying to make up his mind if he should give it up in despair. It was like this. The miners, being all Spaniards and Roman Catholics, had too many festas and too few working days, so the work in the mine made very little progress. One day he met the village priest and complained to him about this waste of time. "Ah," said the priest, "I know my children are too pious, but had I only a bell at our church I then could summon them to prayer when I like; but unhappily we are too poor to afford such a luxury." Then a brilliant idea struck my friend, and he asked, if by any chance he could procure a bell for the village, would there be fewer festas in the future? This promise was given, and he forthwith hastened to Bilbao to see if a bell could be picked up. After a little search, he discovered in a marine store dealer's shop an old ship-bell, cast of gun-metal, and standing about eighteen inches

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high, with the name of the ship (an English one) to which it had belonged, and which had been wrecked near Bilbao a few years previously, in fine large raised letters upon it. The name was *The Sappho*. After a little haggling, he became the owner of the bell, and he hastened back with it to his mine. The good old father was delighted, and still more so when my friend explained to him that the Sappho had been a great saint and much venerated by the Catholics of England, Ireland, and America. The workmen of the mine erected a wooden belfry by the church, the bell was hung, and the festas became few and far between.

This after a while made the Spanish manager of a neighbouring mine suspicious, so he came over to make inquiries. He was jealous that his festas were still so numerous, whereas my friend's feast-days had almost disappeared. Amongst the sights of the village the new bell was pointed out to him, and he carefully inspected it. He had learnt most of his mining in a mining college in Cornwall and spoke English fluently. As he stood there looking at the bell, he saw the name *The Sappho*, and at that moment the good old priest came up and asked him what he thought of their beautiful golden bell with a saint's name all complete. "What!" said he, "a saint? Not much. Quite the contrary. That is the name of the most

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notorious woman in ancient Greece, Sappho, Queen of Lesbos." The old priest was incredulous, and shortly after, when he went to Bilbao, paid a visit to his Bishop, who had been in his youth a man of the world "about town." The prelate listened to the story, and said, "I am afraid Sappho was not a saint, and she distinctly had a few retrograde interludes in her life; but, my son, let this not interfere with your bell. Get the blacksmith to file the name off, and I will pay an early visit and consecrate it, so all will be well." The priest returned, the name was obliterated, the bell was consecrated, my friend was cut by the priest whenever they met, and the festas became more numerous than ever.

From Oporto four of us went by rail to San Sebastian, where we saw another bull-fight, and then on to Biarritz. When we crossed the Pyrenees, at a little station, on the summit almost, they brought us, packed in neat little paper dishes, delicious cold partridges, with a dressed salad on another paper dish, and also in pretty reed baskets an extremely large freshwater crayfish newly cooked, and wood strawberries. How is it that one never gets such pleasant surprises on our English railways, where, beside the stale bun and staler sausage roll or pork pie, one sees invariably the stalest of sandwiches with turned-up toes. Can anything be

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more disgraceful than the refreshments that are offered to the traveller on reaching Dover or Folkestone, especially if he crosses by the night boat? Watery tea and tasteless bread with very little butter, and the everlasting bun. In a Continental town one finds tasty rolls with meat or cheese, cold veal cutlets, chicken, etc.; and last, but not least, hot cups of bouillon. Yet the everlasting cry is, Why do Englishmen go abroad? And the answer is, Because the country hotels abroad are much better and much cheaper than our own, and the visitor is made welcome, and not scowled at for having the impudence to request something decent to eat.

We picked up the yacht again at Bordeaux, and as usual started in the teeth of a gale to cross the Bay of Biscay oh! We got across all right without any mishap, again entered the harbour of Brest and looked up some of our French naval friends, and had one of the jolliest evenings again. From Brest we visited Paimpol and the island of Brehat. Paimpol is the depot for the Icelandic cod-fishers. A fleet of boats set out for that island annually, and has been immortalised by Pierre Loti in his *Pêcheur d'Islande*. The Island of Brehat, a short distance away and about a mile from shore, is little over a square mile in extent, and in the season has very many visitors, especially from the Quartier Latin and Mont-

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martre, so that a week or two there makes one of the most amusing experiences. The bathing on the Channel side is noticeable for the complete absence of dress, not even the proverbial fig-leaf being worn by either sex. This part of the island has of course been christened the "Garden of Eden" without the guardian angel and his flaming sword.

After a few days spent thus pleasantly, we steamed across the Channel, and soon the hills and cliffs of dear old Devon hove in sight, and the evening saw us safely anchored in the Dart by Dartmouth. We went on shore, and the first man I met was a dear old "bobby," whom I warmly embraced, so pleased I was to see once more our civilian protector in blue. I shook him warmly by the hand and asked how he was and how the family was getting on. He looked rather astonished, and said, "Sir, you have the advantage of me ; I have never seen you before." "Never mind," I said ; "here is a nimble shilling for your great thirst." We went to quench ours in tankards of good old bitter beer, which we greatly missed on our journey, and consumed numerous plates of roast beef such as one never can get abroad, with a crisp loaf and excellent butter. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

CHAPTER XVII

SPORT IN MANY LANDS

THE first big-game hunting I did was in the Eifel, the country lying between the Rhine, the Moselle and the Aar, and the Belgian frontier. I had been staying at a hotel at Kilburg, and the landlord invited me to a boar-shoot before Christmas, when the snow was on the ground. So I went to a gunmaker and borrowed a rifle, a single-barrel muzzle-loader shooting a round ball of about thirty to the pound. This was in the days when I was a student at Düsseldorf, and this was, so to say, my first big-game experience. I had shot a roebuck before, and the danger of killing wild boar appealed to me immensely. I was just seventeen at the time, and when I set out on my journey with rifle, powder-horn, and Hirschfänger (hunting-sword), I felt a veritable Gordon Cumming or Selous. I arrived late that evening, and prepared for hunting on the morrow. We set out long before dusk in a sort of omnibus, and after a drive of about an hour arrived at a little inn in the forest. Here we found a keeper

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and half a dozen shivering mortals, with a few nondescript dogs. We set out, and, after a walk of about two miles we were posted, and, the drive signal being sounded on a horn, the fun soon began.

The first thing I saw was a very large fox, which was almost bright red. I wanted to fire but could not persuade myself to do so, as it seemed to me like murder, although the fox is invariably shot on the Continent. No sooner had reynard gone than a fine roebuck with three points to his antlers broke cover, and this I can tell you, although we were out for boar, I could not resist. A quick aim, and with a kick that almost dislocated my arm two bullets loaded on top of one another were squarely lodged in the buck's shoulder, and he fell as dead as a door nail within ten feet of me. As I was reloading, there came a rush through the cover, and a fine boar shot past. I raised the rifle and pulled the trigger, forgetting that I had left the ramrod in the barrel and had no cap on the nipple. So our friend the pig got away unharmed. How I cursed myself for having fired at the roebuck just before such noble game as a boar gave me a chance. That ended all my luck, and it seemed that all the game there was had come my way as, besides a fairly heavy hare, nothing else had been sighted, or was sighted, the whole of that day.

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The next day was also a poor one, for only a small porker about eight months old fell to one of the party, and for me it was a blank. The third day a large sow was killed, but not before she had bitten one of the "Jägers" severely in the leg. This finished the shoot. I returned with my buck's head, and also, as I wished to show I had been boar-shooting, the head of the small pig and half his meat, to have it cooked for a dinner to my friends.

Thus ended my first big-game shoot, and henceforth I could figure as a man who knows all about rifles and big game, a veritable Nimrod. My next experience was after my return to England. Sport with gun and rod became a mania with me, and my collection of sporting guns and rifles as well as fishing rods became daily larger. On my revisiting Albania and Montenegro after the Russo-Turkish War I took sporting guns with me, and on my arrival at Cetinje made many inquiries with regard to the likelihood of obtaining a bag of any kind of game. I was advised to try the neighbourhood of Pira. On arrival there I organised a small expedition of three, with pack-horses to carry our provisions and baggage. The first night I stayed at a khan in some mountains which had a resemblance of forest on them, and this in Montenegro is a rarity. I was shown on the top of one of them

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a hole sunk no doubt by the ancient aboriginals of the country for mining purposes, but which I was assured was a petroleum well. What actually happened was this. A petroleum find had been reported, and an expert from Baku in the Caucasus, the great petroleum district, was sent by a syndicate to inquire into this valuable discovery. He was taken to this hole, and a bucket on a long rope was dropped down and brought up brimful of oil. The expert looked, examined it carefully, and turning to the party of Black Mountaineers exclaimed, "Why, this is the most marvellous oil well in the world! The petroleum is already refined!"

I was told of a very large and ferocious bear that infested the neighbourhood. So a hunt was organised, beaters requisitioned, and we made an early start the next morning. After beating three large patches of cover, a great hullabaloo arose, and some men ran towards me, got hold of me bodily, and dragged me along. On rounding a rock, they pointed to an object going up the opposite side of the mountains, and when I got my glass to bear upon it I saw about twelve hundred yards away a grey object about the size of a collie dog, and almost as thin, going up the hill at express speed. It was the devastator of the district, who was evidently emigrating into Bosnia. So ended my first and only big-game

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expedition in Czerna Gora. There is very little game in that country, and even bird life is very scarce.

From Montenegro I went to Scutari in Albania, and had really good sport in its way on the large plain covered with bracken that stretches from that town to the Montenegrin frontier nearly forty miles away. You could always make certain of a hare, or three or four brace of partridges, with a few couple of snipe, and perhaps a wild pheasant or two, not to mention woodcock, if you had a good dog and the right men to accompany you. This was not bad for a day's sport for two guns. I used to shoot a great deal with an ardent Albanian sportsman who was as keen and as good a shot with his double muzzle-loader as any man you could find in England.

The woodcock shooting near Alessio, on the Drin, south of Scutari, is really good, and enormous bags can be made. After this, I went to Northern Mirditia to try for bear, boar, and red deer. There are still, so I was told, ibex in the interior fastnesses of this country towards the Servian frontier, but I doubt it very much. However, the game all over the country is plentiful and varied, and this is a land where nobody ever dreams of walking half a mile from his house without his rifle or gun ; and as for their pistols or revolvers, why, one would think they slept with

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them stuck in their belts. You find in the Albanian highlands the bear, the wolf, the boar, red deer, roe and chamois, pheasants (wild ones are fairly plentiful), as well as capercailzie and hazel-hens, and a kind of wood-grouse ; of course hares, and a very large variety of foxes and badgers. I have seen red deer grazing on the mountains east of Prisrend amongst the cattle in the early morning, and on stalking them the cattle gave the first alarm and all bunched together, and I had no chance of a shot for fear of shooting one of the latter. Chamois are to be found almost anywhere in the Albanian highlands towards the Servian frontier, and, strange to say, not quite so shy as in Austria or the Tyrol. I went for a wolf-hunt one day, and after sitting up one night in a beastly uncomfortable position in a tree over a bleating goat, gave it up never to try again, with a face in the morning the size of a pumpkin, thanks to mosquitoes.

After this, I tried reindeer in Norway. We shot on the Dover Fjeld, and I must say that the sport there was varied and good. We could always get plenty of piper, ptarmigan and hares, if not always reindeer. One day Ingram, with whom I was on this trip, shot a white snow owl, and carried it back and threw it into a corner of the tent. It was a large bird, weighing some five or six pounds. We were roused up in the middle

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of the night by a terrible commotion going on in the tent. It was the snow owl come to life again, for it appeared that Ingram had only grazed its head at the back with the rifle ball. At last one of the Norse hunters appeared and helped to catch the bird, which went for everybody and everything, but as the tent flap had been left unfastened it found the opening and sailed away.

A similar affair happened to me in Austria one day. I had taken a shoot for deer and capercailzie near Unterach, on the Attersee. There was a lovely little villa belonging to it built on the borders of the lake, and altogether it was one of the most delightful spots imaginable. For some time my ducks and chickens had been carried off, and the keeper assured me that it was done by one of the numerous eagles that were about. One day I was quietly sitting painting, when I heard a pit-a-pat on the gallery or verandah and then behind a screen standing against the door leading on to it. The screen was a Moosharabia one, and on getting up I looked through the woodwork and saw a fine big eagle slowly walking into the room. I thought this a good opportunity to capture so rare a bird, so with my mahlstick I banged the door. This was the signal for an earthquake to be let loose in the room. The bird at once began an attack on me, going for me with beak and

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claws and hitting me with his wings. He attacked me again and again, and I had all my time cut out to shield my head and face from his assaults. This went on for some time, and at last I managed to get to the door and out of it; but the bird was too quick for me even then. He was after me before I could close the door, and the moment he got into the open flew away.

I went for a bear-hunt once in the Karpathians, near Kronstadt. We started a party of four with all our camp impedimenta, and camped above timber line about six thousand feet above the plain. We had with us three she-goats to give us milk for the coffee so dearly beloved by Austrians and Hungarians. In the middle of the night an awful row arose, and we all rushed out, rifles in hand. One of the Wallachs ran towards us and said that a bear had just carried off one of the goats. This looked hopeful for the morning. We were early astir, and some mongrel dogs belonging to the Wallachs were put on the scent. We climbed up and down rocks and valleys, through forests and bogs, until nearly midday, when as we got outside a clump of larches with a lot of undergrowth beneath, the dogs suddenly began to growl and utter short barks, with the hair of their backs standing on end. We surrounded as far as we could the

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clump of trees, and the Wallachs entered the bushes with the dogs to drive the quarry towards us.

A moment later, there arose a terrible noise inside; the men yelled and shouted, the dogs barked and yelped, and we heard distinctly the growling of the bear, for bear it was, above all the noise. At last out he came about two hundred yards above me, and two of my Austrian friends fired both their guns into him at close range. He fairly did a somersault, but picked himself up again and came straight towards me downhill. As he came on I aimed at his mouth, which he had wide open, roaring with wrath and pain. I pulled the trigger and over he went, rolled a few feet down the slope, picked himself up, and went on again diagonally to me. I was armed with an Austrian gun, one barrel for shot and the right barrel rifled for ball. It was no use firing the shot barrel at him at fifty yards, so before I had crammed a new cartridge into the rifle barrel he had dived into some bushes and was gone, with the whole pack of dogs and the Wallachs hot on his heels. After going for about a mile, leaving a broad blood spoor behind him, we came upon him in some bushes breathing his last, with the dogs tearing at him and the Wallachs aiming blows with their hatchets at his head. My bullet had caught him on the top of his head

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and ploughed along his neck and back. One of the Austrians' bullets had really done the work by grazing his heart and smashing the base of both lungs to pulp, and tearing a large hole on its exit on the other side.

We left the Wallachs to skin him and bring in the best part of the meat, and supped that night on grilled bear's paws, which are very much overrated as a delicacy. When we got to our camp, just as it was getting dark, a great surprise awaited us. During our absence two bears had paid us a visit, carried off our two remaining goats that had been tethered, stampeded our ponies, and frightened the two boys we had left in charge of the camp, so that they never stopped running until they reached their native village again. After this, we had no more luck with bears, but I shot two chamois with exceptional large horns, much larger than those of the Tyrol, and a wolf, besides partridges and hazel-hens.

The next year saw me at Tabessa, in the extreme south of Algeria, near the Tunisian frontier. I had been told about the extraordinary size of the Barbary red deer, a few of which still roamed the hills and dense forests of this district. The general shooting of these mountains and plains is very good, as they are very sparsely inhabited, and the Arabs are strictly forbidden by the French Government to possess firearms.



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[R. Caton Woodville.

GENERAL BONAPARTE AT ST. JEAN D'ÂCRE.

From a painting by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

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You may ride for days and never see a soul. The land is very wild, and if photographs were shown of the scenery most people would guess it to be somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. The summits and most of the shady sides of the hills were all covered with snow, as it was in December, and at night there was always a sharp frost on account of its high elevation. We camped beside a spring, the bed of which was filled with a dense mass of watercress. Not far from our camp were the remains of a Roman villa, with a great deal of its beautiful tessellated pavements showing the designs still intact.

The next day at daybreak we (an Arab shikari and myself) started on our deer-hunt; but its results could only be very doubtful, as the rutting season was over. Not far from camp (about a mile and a quarter) we came upon a sounder of hog returning from a night's marauding expedition. We were sitting on some rocks, and I was examining the valley below through my glass, when the Arab pulled my sleeve, and just below me, not fifty feet away, the pigs were trotting along. I picked up my gun, a Lancaster "Colindian," and the heavy 12-bore ball driven through the oval-bored barrel crashed into the boar's neck, killing him almost instantly. We hoisted the meat on to a rock, tied a handkerchief fastened on a stick to it to frighten any thieving

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panther away, and proceeded on our way. That day proved a blank after the boar episode, although we saw some moufflon and gazelle in the distance. So also were the next six days. I shot a number of partridges and a young moufflon.

On the eighth day, when we had ridden for about seven miles through dense forest, I saw something at the end of a glade which I took for a horse grazing. Then I saw something move farther on, and suddenly the animal raised its head, and there stood a Barbary stag in all his majesty, his magnificent antlers spreading as wide and large as those of a wapiti. I slid off my horse, and the Arab backed him into the shelter of the trees. I lay down flat and watched the deer, who were now all alert. The grass was high and rank, and I could watch them without being seen; but the stag and some of the does would not resume their grazing. I wriggled slowly nearer and nearer, and lay still at times for considerable periods; but the deers' suspicion had been aroused and they kept looking in my direction. They were about two hundred and fifty yards away, and these so-called ball guns, however good and useful they may be for fur or feather, are as rifles not much use over a hundred yards, as their accuracy diminishes beyond that distance. As I was wriggling along, and just as

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they were beginning to settle down again, I raised my head to see how things were getting on, when a panther jumped up with a snarl within a few yards of me, and went bounding through the long grass into the forest. I was so astonished and taken aback, that before I recovered from my surprise, the glade being only about thirty yards wide, all game had disappeared into the forest. The panther and I had evidently been fellow-stalkers, and were no doubt equally disappointed.

I camped in these hills for another fortnight, and although out from early morning until late at night, never came across these red deer again, and I must admit that as they are purely forest deer it is very much like looking for the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay. The rest of the sport was good and the game very plentiful. I returned to Tebessa, and on my way there I met a French Engineer officer returning from a hunt with two stags packed on a mule. The antlers of the largest measured forty-eight inches in the spread and four and a half inches in circumference near the crown. The animals themselves were dark reddish brown in colour without manes, and with very ugly heads the size and shape of a large mule's, but standing nearly sixteen hands. I believe there is another herd of these near Souk Arrass, but it is estimated that at the outside there are not more than one hundred and twenty

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stags of this breed, remnants of the large herds of the Roman days, now in existence.

From Algiers I drifted the next year to Egypt, and shot a few gazelle there near the petrified forest north of the road to Heluan. I also had an amusing experience while out duck-shooting with the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Christopher Sykes on Prince Khamil Pasha's preserves. I had got tired of shooting at the fighting ducks over the pond where I was stationed, so thought I would see if I could pick up something on one of the other pools with judicious stalking. I reached the edge of a pond, and peeping through the reeds I saw six fine mallard placidly rocking on the gentle ripple not thirty yards away. Up went my gun, and off went both barrels loaded with No. 4 shot. The ducks didn't seem to mind, but began gently to subside, and at the same time a flow of lurid language broke forth from the other side, and round came a red-faced individual sweating and swearing as he was running along. As he came face to face with me he stared at me and said, "What, Caton?" My answer was, "What! Rufi?" Then I apologised for having shot too hastily his india-rubber decoys. "Oh, never mind that," he said; "you must come and dine with me to-night. I am getting quite accustomed to having those shot; this is the sixth time it has happened to me."

CHAPTER XVIII

MY MILITARY EXPERIENCES

My first oath of fidelity to our Queen and country was taken by me in 1879, when I joined the Royal Berks Yeomanry Cavalry. We had our headquarters in Reading, and annually I marched the London contingent belonging to the regiment down to that town. We still wore in those days the old-fashioned helmet, which was black with silver mountings and a full white plume. The uniform was almost the same as the Life Guards' without the cuirass, only with silver braiding instead of gold.

My first year's training with the regiment was spent at Hungerford. These were the good old yeoman days: much fun, little work, and seven and sixpence *per diem* for privates and non-commissioned officers. We all rode or hired our own horses, and you could see some valuable cattle ridden in the ranks, especially by the real yeoman farmers. We drilled in single rank in those days, and the first two days were always a sore trial for all concerned. The horses were not

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accustomed to each other, and there was always a great amount of kicking and bad language. "Don't talk in the ranks!" was the everlasting cry. The real work of drill was of course then almost entirely in the hands of the sergeant-majors, as most of the officers themselves in those slack days knew next to nothing about it. The adjutancy was then still in the hands of a regimental adjutant, who really was the regimental sergeant-major. Our drill started at 10 a.m., and at 1 p.m. a pause was made to rest the horses and refresh the men for one hour. At the end of this hour the bugle sounded (a bugle lent by the regular cavalry, as we had none of our own), and the regimental sergeant-major's command, "Stand by your asses!" rang over the drill ground. Then another two or three hours' drill, and then the march back to quarters. The rest of the evening was spent in singsong at the various inns and hotels where most of the regiment were quartered, or at any rate the various messes were held, while the band discoursed sweet music in front of the officers' mess during the evening, and late at night the men made the town unsafe and noisy.

On one occasion at Newbury a very comical thing took place. A concert had been got up at the Town Hall, and shortly after the opening a party of yeomen arrived—of course in uniform, as

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everybody had to wear it during annual training-time. In their midst was a man who seemed to be hopelessly drunk, as he had to be marched along tucked under the arms of two stalwart troopers. They found their seats, and the drunken man, when not collapsed with his head hanging on his chest, kept on interrupting, and hurrahing and hooting, and making sarcastic remarks, waving his hands about, and generally misbehaving himself. Shouts of "Turn him out!" "Knock him down!" etc., rang constantly through the building. At last one of the captains (the officers, of course, all sat in the front row) went to the man to remonstrate with him, but after saying a few words he had to retire doubled up with laughing. The word was passed along, and all the officers present broke into one chorus of laughter.

After this, the intoxicated trooper had it all his own way, and the audience took no further interest in the performance. Towards the end the man was again lifted out of his chair, seemingly more intoxicated than ever, and dragged out. In front of one of the hotels looking on to the square a couple of tables and chairs had been placed. The trooper was seated on one, and a number of yeomen took their seats as judges to try him by court martial. He was supported right and left by his counsel and solicitor, and a number of yeomen with drawn

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swords stood on guard and kept the crowd back. After a most amusing trial, in which the culprit behaved worse than ever, he was sentenced to death and immediate execution. A rope was thrown over the centre lamp standard of the market-place, and the delinquent expiated his misdeeds by being hanged by the neck until he was dead, amidst the cheers of the multitude. It was a harmless dummy of straw and stuffing, and the supporters had taken a leaf out of Lieutenant Cole's book and imitated his comic dolls that have amused so many music-hall audiences.

Occasionally the play was rather of a rougher nature, and ended in sad trouble sometimes. The year we drilled at Hungerford, and the morning we marched out, the town looked as if it had stood a siege, so knocked about was it, with windows and lamp-posts broken, signboards pulled down, and goodness only knows what other damage. This had all been done by the Hungerford men in the regiment, who thereby probably paid off some old scores. Of course, if a culprit was detected, the only remedy the Colonel had was dismissal from the regiment. There were no other punishments whatever, as he had no power even to inflict fines. Our band was the great laughing-stock in those days. A more comic lot one could hardly desire to see. They were mounted on all kinds of horses, from

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the drummer on a light grey Shire horse to the trombone player on a pony. One day when ordered to trot, the trombone player said to the Colonel, "Look 'ere, sir, I 'ave come out to play, not to ride ; cos why, I can't ride. Now you 'ave got it." Another day, when out on reconnaissance duty, I came across the band horses all tied up outside an outlying farmhouse. Some troopers had evidently discovered them before me, as the drums had disappeared. They had been hidden in a pigsty, and a couple of shaft baskets had taken their places. Someone had taken off all the off-side stirrups and tied them on under the tails of the croppers, and untied the stirrup leathers, so that when the men attempted to mount their horses the near-side stirrups pulled almost down to the ground. By the gate to which most of the horses were tied stood a bucket of tar, so I could not resist the temptation, but painted the drummer's horse with a regular pattern of round spots, such as is depicted on Punch's horse. It was a grand sight to see them entering Newbury that evening. But still it had its good effect, for the reformation of the band was taken in hand, and the next year saw an enormous improvement.

At first we were still armed with the old Westley-Richards carbine. You had to insert a paper cartridge, place a cap on the nipple, and

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once out of three the flash of the cap didn't pierce the cartridge. It was curious how familiarly the yeomen spoke to the officers. One day at "advance dismounted in skirmishing order," a yeoman was heard to call out, "Here, Captain, can you lend us a corkscrew? I have got a cork in my carbine and can't get it out." The sergeant-majors were also very original in their instructions. At sword exercise, for instance, you heard, "Now then, men, when I say 'Draw,' you dun't draw, but when I says 'Sudds,' you whips 'em out right smart!" The townspeople always had a standing joke against the London contingent, as most of these were distinctly bad horsemen, and that was to show them a latch-key and ask them if they would like to borrow it. When one of them fell into the trap and said, "What for?" "Oh," was the reply, "I thought you might perhaps want to get inside and pull down the blind." At the Bear Hotel, Hungerford, was a signpost with a wooden bear on top. He had been there for about two or three hundred years, and was about three feet high, and had many coats of paint on. One evening a yeoman swarmed up the post, hitched a rope round the bear, and sitting astride called out to pull. He was about twenty-five feet from the ground. They pulled, and down came the yeoman, bear and all. He, with the usual luck of men in the

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condition in which he was, escaped unhurt, but the bear went up in a cloud of dust. So, like Humpty Dumpty, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put that bear up again. It was only a hollow shell of paint, for the wood evidently had departed long ago.

At another time, in one of the market-places stood a statue of one of our ancient kings. When the townspeople woke up in the morning they found their statue painted a beautiful sky blue, with pink face, hands and legs, and the expression and colour of its eyes and beard much improved.

Ragging of every kind went on constantly, and if a man was unpopular it didn't take long before he was glad to resign. The methods were not very gentle, and his life in the regiment one of misery and discontent, and, as discipline could not be enforced, complaints to the superior officers were of no avail.

After this came the Egyptian War, and not long after, as an injury to my ankle prevented me from doing any foot drills or marching, I resigned and entered for a while the Volunteer Royal Engineers, where I had command of a field telegraph train. This was not much to my liking, as there was little for me to do, yet the month I spent at Chatham taught me field entrenching, the details of fortress work, and many

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another piece of knowledge useful to a painter of military pictures. So as soon as I got tired of this, and my ankle had much improved owing to the last of the splinters of bone having worked out, I entered the Royal North Devon Hussars, and took over the Torrington troop of forty-two men, as fine a lot as one could wish to see.

Our headquarters were at Barnstaple, and we drilled in Yulestone Park, the seat of the late Sir Arthur Chichester, our Colonel Commandant, and head of the Chichester family. The distance from Barnstaple was five miles, and we marched daily there and back. The officers were a most charming lot of fellows, and the men, with very few exceptions, all genuine yeomen. We turned out between five and six hundred strong, and the horses were better than most of the yeomanry cavalry can boast of. The headquarters were at the Golden Lion Hotel, an old-fashioned inn some four or five hundred years old, where the head waiter, who from the way he talked about it must have been present at the building of the inn, often after the seniors had taken themselves off to their virtuous couches, spouted Shakespeare by the yard to us. He confided to me that he really ought to have been an actor, and lamented this, as he was quite confident that had he taken up that profession he would now be riding in his carriage and owning a baronial hall.

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One of the smartest officers in the regiment was Major Wilson Hoare. He is one of the best all-round men at any game, riding, shooting, fencing, or anything else, I ever met, and for several years in succession carried off all prizes in competitions with officers in the regular and auxiliary cavalry. He persuaded me to enter for the competition, and so I set to work early the next year to train for it. I first bought a charger from the riding-master of the 2nd Life Guards, Lieutenant Eaton, then stationed at Knightsbridge Barracks, and for three months I rode almost daily in the riding-school there, and after training for everything, including fencing, tent-pegging, heads-and-posts, lemon-cutting, etc., was pronounced perfect, and my horse an absolute jewel. So the day arrived, and the first day at the hall all went well with me, until it came to heads-and-posts. My cut and point was right until the horse faced the fence. At the school he had been particularly good at this, but now, annoyed probably by the band or the people, he refused. I rode him at it again, and again he refused. Again we went for it, and this time he jumped into the high side wings, and came over on to his head, doing a somersault. I said to myself as I felt myself going, "Roll away the moment you touch the ground," which I did. The horse came over on his back and

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broke the cantle of my saddle, so I am afraid I should have stood little chance if I had not got quickly out of the way. The second time he again refused, and then reared back on me. That settled my luck, as far as the challenge trophy was concerned, although I gained all other competitions with Wilson Hoare. It only shows how little riding-school perfection can be relied upon outside.

The same year I went to Aldershot for my captain's certificate, to the school for auxiliary cavalry, and a merry lot we were there. There were officers pretty well from every regiment in England and Scotland, and the variety of uniforms was extraordinary. Some of these reminded one of the days of the hussar regiments of the great Napoleon, so antiquated were they in design; whilst others, like the Gloucestershire or Cumberland Hussars, outshone anything in the regular army for gorgeousness. Here we all became troopers again. We had to undergo sword exercise both mounted and on foot, carbine drill and troop drill in Rushmore Bottom, and besides had to listen to learned lectures delivered by Captain Morrison of the 18th Hussars. Colonel Edward Wood of the 10th Hussars was the Commandant, and troublesome he was to us. He would during brigade drill in the Long Valley select one of us and say, "Now then,

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Captain —, do you see that tree over there about a mile away? I want you to take the brigade and place it in line (or column of troops or whatever was the command) facing that tree." You would think for a moment, and then in a stentorian voice give your first word of command. "Hold a bit, Captain —," he would say. "Are you quite sure of this? Think again." Of course, often one hesitates and is lost. You thought, and gave another command. "Very well," he would say, "now you try, then"; and although in the first instance you were quite right, the second mostly was wrong. When he had got you into a thorough muddle, he would say, "There, I told you so! You won't get your field officer's certificate; you had better go back and ride *Serifile*."

The lectures took the shape of forming various positions and formations with tin soldiers, and also of instructions in our duty if called out in aid of the civil power, for instance. This has not been done since the bread riots early in the nineteenth century at Manchester, for the riots were suppressed by the yeomanry so absolutely thoroughly that the authorities have since not dared to repeat the experiment. We had also to do a paper in which we had a series of most ridiculous and silly questions. On my certificate as a captain and afterwards as a field officer all

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items were satisfactory, except that my spelling was antique and my ideas on reconnaissance very unique. However, I got my field officer's certificate ultimately, and had my P.S. in front of my name in the Army List.

My men were a funny lot. Every captain annually gave to his troop a Cup for the best mounted and equipped man. After mess one night, one of the servants came in and told me there were a number of my men who wanted to speak to me. I went out, and there stood about eight of my stalwart yeomen troopers. "We want to speak to you, Captain," the spokesman, a sergeant, said, "about that there awarding of that troop prize for the best mounted and equipped. Now I, for instance, was riding a horse worth eight hundred guineas, my kit was in apple-pie order, and I can ride well, so I ought to have had the prize. But you and the Adjutant says I have got a beard and that is against the Regulations. My wife won't allow me to cut off my beard." Another said he would get a sore throat if he cut his beard off, and so on. When they had all finished, the spokesman said: "Now look here, Captain. The prize is five guineas, and we are forty-two men in the troop; don't you think it would be better if you gave us half a crown all round?"

The sergeant-major of my troop told me one

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day that a lot of my men always bolted away at a certain road on our return march to Barnstaple, instead of being dismissed on parade in the town. I had noticed that my troop looked rather reduced at times. So the next morning I got ahead and stationed myself round the corner and waited. Sure enough, eight of my men came clattering along, when suddenly they got sight of me, and I asked them where they were off to. One of them said they wanted to dismount to blow their noses, and he finished with, "Can't a beggar do that, without asking you?" One day when the regiment was inspected and we were looking our best in review order, with thousands of spectators, I addressed my troop in forcible language before the march past, and told them that a rotten march past and other movements during the day would mean for them no troop dinner. "But," I added, "if you show the rest of the regiment how it ought to be done, six extra whiskies per man after dinner." When we marched past the saluting base, the Inspecting Officer said, "Ah, this is something like it; very good this troop, excellent, couldn't be better!" I don't remember how many whiskies I had promised them, but I left a margin not to disappoint them.

There is no doubt that a smart uniform is a great attraction for the men and it draws re-

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cruits. Khaki may be all very well on campaign, but an equally good coloured uniform might be devised, say of a blue-grey colour with coloured facings, that could not be seen at a hundred yards, without detracting from its usefulness. Take for instance the colour of the Austrian Jägers (riflemen). I have seen them on a mountain-side covered with bracken, etc., and the blue-green-grey of their uniform, which looks close by very smart, completely merged itself in the verdure. Khaki is all right on an African field, but is as discernible in European countries in summer as scarlet would be. At present our men in service kit remind one of navvies with a dash of the convict about them.

* * * * *

Here I must end my Random Recollections, for the present at any rate. I have now retired from the Royal North Devon Hussars, and am a Captain in the National Reserve. But in other respects I am still in active service, and am daily adding to my acquaintances and to my stock of experiences. So until we meet again, I will merely wish my readers, as the Turkish soldiers wish their Sultan, *Chok Yasha!*

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